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THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

TO ——.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

O Hawthorne, watching with the stars, to-night,
Sad memories throng the chambers of my soul;
The past is shadowy with uncertain light,
The future beckoneth to a nameless goal.
The ancient landmarks which my fathers set,
Are vanishing in darkness, one by one;
Fierce clouds, in stern and gloomy grandeur met,
Are gathering blackness round my morning sun.

The early loved of girlhood's thoughtless hours,
Are far and farther evermore from me—
Some in their dark hair wreathed orange flowers,
And some with white lips, twined anemone.
And now, O Hawthorne, turning once again
To thy dear face, I feel mine own grow pale—
My heart throbs heavily with sudden pain—
I cannot see thee, for a bridal veil;
It floateth round thee like a mountain mist,
Coming between us two forevermore.
I know it, turn I wheresoe'r I list,
Thy love for me is not the love of yore.
I cannot ask it, for it may not be;
It trembles on thy lips full warm—*for him;*
Thy hushed face calm for very joy I see,
His cup of bliss is sparkling to the brim.
My shut lips I can keep—my eyes perforce grow dim.

Forgive me, Hawthorne, friend, I would not throw
One shadow o'er the path thy feet shall press.
I will dream calmly of the long ago,
And hoply of thy future happiness.
Forgive me, Hawthorne, for this soothless strain—
Thy soul-harp, touched by my unskillful fingers,
Perchance hath trembled to a silent pain.
If on the chords one quivering note still lingers,
Forget it! Give to me no second thought—
Or but a second—ah! not quite forgot!
Yet, always mindful of his claims who waits thy marriage vows,
I only crave a lesser love, to crown my lesser brows.

LIFE IN PARIS.

PARIS, *October* 12, 1857.

The Great Enthusiasm Manifested by the Germans at Emperor Napoleon's Visit at Stuttgardt—Stuttgardt and its Advantages—Prince Murat Proposed as King of the Danubian Principalities—The Closing Review at Chalons—The Emperor's Return to Paris—The State of Finances in the United States, and its Effect in Paris—Highway Robbery by an Austrian Count.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Emperor Napoleon has returned from Stuttgardt, where he was much feted. The German people really manifested great enthusiasm whenever he made his appearance in public. The Russians, on the contrary, stood at discount—a state of feeling no doubt arising from the fact that they are not liked there, on account of the Russian influence brought to bear upon them by the union of the Prince Royal with the Princess Olga, sister of the Emperor of Russia, who is reproached with hauteur and a want of sympathy with the people.

The French are nevertheless somewhat piqued that the Empress of Russia should have made her appearance at Stuttgardt, when it was understood that neither the Russian nor the French Empress were to be there. The prejudices of those German Princes are unconquerable. The Queen of England could visit and receive visits from the beautiful Eugenie, without yielding an important point of etiquette: she is a sovereign and a woman, and would therefore take the lead under all such circumstances.

One of the great purposes of the interview of the two Emperors at Stuttgardt is already made known to the public; Napoleon proposed young Prince Murat as King for the Danubian Principalities. The acquiescence of England was doubtless already secured, and the Czar willingly gave his consent. When the Emperor of Austria was made acquainted with the proposed arrangement, he flew to Weimar, in the hope of being able to counteract Napoleon's schemes; but it was too late. Murat was sent in haste to Berlin, to obtain the consent of the King of Prussia, in which he succeeded without difficulty. This is an important step for the rapid progress of civilization in that part of the world. France will doubtless furnish the King of the Principalities with able counsellors, soldiers, and a sufficient credit to introduce the necessary reforms to bring about the desired results. What a blow to Austria, who has enjoyed such perfect sway in those principalities, where commerce was carried on by her alone, and her money circulated throughout. From the day Murat takes possession of his new Kingdom, and French influence will alone reign; rapid progress in all things will soon be the result. Austria may well consider herself slighted, and rest assured that this is only a forerunner of her gradual and deserved destruction.

The Hungarian exiles in France and England propose to follow Prince Murat, to be near their native soil, and at hand in case of a political movement by which they might hope to recover their rights. The papers state that the Emperor of Austria has invited Napoleon to meet him at Munich, and again at Berlin; but these are mere rumors as yet, and no earthly influence will prevent Napoleon from carrying out his plan with respect to the Danubian Principalities. Austria cannot go to war without money or friends; on the other hand, she is held in check by the greatest possible fear of the democratic elements of Italy and Hungary.

According to the latest telegraphic dispatches, the King of Prussia is represented as being dangerously ill; his death would not be considered a great misfortune, and could not have much influence on the policy of Prussia.

From authentic sources, I have learned that Alexander II is no match for his brother Napoleon; neither was his suite at Stuttgardt to be compared to that of the Emperor of the French. The Czar, like Peter the Great, is fond of strong drinks, and, instead of occupying himself with serious matters, he prefers to play a game of cards with his adjutants and courtiers; thus, many precious moments which should be devoted to the welfare of his people are recklessly squandered.

Stuttgardt, the capital of Wurtemburg, where the late interview between Napoleon and Alexander took place, is situated in a valley not far from the river Neckar. The nucleus of the present Kingdom was originally a county of the German Empire, afterwards raised to a Dukedom by Emperor Maximilian, towards the latter part of the fifteenth century; Emperor Napoleon the First made a Kingdom of it in 1806. Stuttgardt is a neat, well, and regularly-built city, embellished with several palaces and cathedrals; the most remarkable of the former is the Royal Palace, the pride of Wurtemburg, and justifies to a certain extent the appellation they have given it, "the German Versailles."

This vast building, containing no less than 360 rooms, was commenced by Duke Charles in 1746, and finished in time to receive the first King of Wurtemberg, in 1806. A large and delightful park extends along the whole valley to Constadt, a borough on the river Neckar, renowned for its salt and iron springs, and much visited by invalids, for the virtue of its waters. The Neckar valley is justly called the Little Rhine, and is surrounded by exceedingly picturesque hills, covered with vineyards, orchards, fields, villages, villas, and castles. Towards the south, the Swabian Alps rise, and form bold outlines, from which the Swiss Alps are distinctly perceptible. The railroad to Bavaria winds its iron arteries along the river, affording the traveller new and most enchanting scenes at every bend. Stuttgardt, like all German capitals, has many institutions for learning, is a great publishing place, and amply provided with the best of schools. Music is much cultivated; the opera is good, the concerts remarkable for the execution of the highest order of classic compositions. Living is cheap, and many Americans are educating their children in that city. To my knowledge, there is not a place where children can be so well brought up and educated for so little money.

On Thursday, the 8th instant, the closing review at the camp of Chalons took place at noon. The Empress was present, on horseback, and the Emperor was accompanied by Prince Napoleon, Marshals Magnan, Count de Castellane, Duke de Malakoff, Count Randon, Canrobert, and Bosquet. After passing along the front of the troops, who were drawn up in two lines, the Emperor distributed recompenses, merited by long service. The filing off afterwards took place, under the orders of General d'Angely, and was admirably executed. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of the weather, an immense crowd of persons from the neighborhood were present. The Emperor addressed the soldiers as follows:

"Soldiers! The time which we have passed together will not have been lost. Your military knowledge has been improved, and the bonds which united us have been drawn still closer. When General Bonaparte had concluded the glorious peace of Campo Formio, he hastened to again place the conquerors of Italy in exercises in platoons and battalions—thus showing how useful he considered it, even for soldiers, to constantly fall back on the fundamental rules of theory. That lesson was not forgotten; for scarcely had you returned from a glorious campaign, when you applied yourselves with zeal to practical study of evolutions; and you have inaugurated the camp of Chalons, which is to serve as a great school of manœuvres for the whole army. The Imperial Guard will thus always set a good example, in peace as well as in war. Instructed, disciplined, and ready to undertake and support everything for the welfare of the country, it will be for the line, out of which it comes, a just object of emulation, and will contribute with it to preserve intact that old reputation of our immortal phalanxes, which have only succumbed from the excess of their glory and their triumphs."

Soon after the review was over, the Empress, accompanied by the Marshals, left for Paris, and reached here early in the evening, and proceeded immediately to St. Cloud. The Emperor returned Saturday evening.

Report says that the Court is going to Compiegne, for a stag-hunt, where preparations are being made for that event.

The financial news from the United States is producing a regular stampede among the Americans here. Many have already sailed for home, to see after their affairs, others have given up their sumptuous apartments, to patiently await the result of that awful crash in retirement. The French papers are full of the frightful disasters of the Central America; and their comments on American recklessness in business and human life at sea are deservedly severe, it must be acknowledged.

The trite old saying, "it runs in the blood," is certainly not without a good foundation; a case was recently made known, giving the best proof of it. The descendants of the ancient races of nobles have not yet lost the prejudices of their ancestors against labor. Highway robberies, under the more noble appellation of warfare, was always considered by them a much more honorable way of making a living than that of tilling the soil, or by trade. To this day, military exploits are considered by them the only worthy occupation for gentlemen; and nearly all officers of the armies of Europe are sons of noblemen. An Austrian Count, who doubtless thought himself still in the middle of the dark ages, took it into his head to revive the profession of his great-grand-parents, and in company with some of his followers, who hoped to obtain the spurs under his command, waylaid a coach near Verona, and completely robbed it. No one would have dared to suspect so noble a Count, with a genealogical tree as high as the finest specimens of our virgin forests, but for the misfortune to forget his mantle in the hurry of departure, after the operation. The police seized the noble robber, with the valiant knights and pages his accomplices, and put them into the dungeon of an ancient castle, to await a trial of modern times, which will, I doubt not, bring them to the gallows.

THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

On arriving at Bradford, one of the most populous and smoky of the many populous and smoky manufacturing towns of Yorkshire, I was told that Haworth was but ten miles distant, and, preferring to make the journey on foot, soon found myself beyond the suburbs of the town, and out of the suffocating influence of its smoke. The first thing to be done was to find which was the Haworth road, and to this end I made inquiries of a native respecting the locality of the Mecca of my pilgrimage—Haworth, the home of Charlotte Bronte.

"I know nowt of it," he replied, and then, beckoning to some of his companions, informed them that "a young man wanted to find out more than he could tell of himself." So I again asked which was the road to Haworth.

"Haworth?—Haworth?" said native No. 2, doubtingly. "I doan't know nowt of it; but p'raps you mean Otley?"

No, I assured him I did not mean Otley, but Haworth, a village about ten miles from Bradford. At this they all shook their heads, and a third native suggested Skipton; but the suggestion was not received with favor. Fearing that my pronunciation of the name might not be correct, I asked if they knew of Hayworth; but they did not know Hayworth.

Perhaps they knew Hyworth? No, they were equally ignorant of Hyworth? It might be Heeworth, I suggested; but they had not the remotest idea of Heeworth. I then tried Howorth without effect, and even went so far in the list of vowel sounds as to feebly articulate Huworth. Here one of the natives, who had been for some time in a deep brown study, said that p'raps the gentleman meant Horth. I said it was very probable, and the speaker adding something about Horth on the moors, I assured him that it was the place, and received directions to go two miles or more to the Bargate, and then turn short to the left; while one sententious native made a general observation to the effect, that if a body wanted to go to Horth, why didn't a body say he wanted to go to Horth at once't, and be done with it—apparently quite oblivious of the fact that the body had been trying very hard to say so for some time.

This part of Yorkshire consists of a succession of rolling hills, highly cultivated, but destitute of foliage, and unpleasantly bare and naked. The different farms are divided by fences of dark stone, that stretch along the hillsides in dismal black lines, cutting them up into little squares, and giving quite a sombre aspect to a landscape already sufficiently dull and dreary. The houses also add to the peculiar effect of the scene, being built of a sullen brown stone, and standing, or rather crouching, in low clusters of half a dozen each, as though they feared being left singly and alone on the exposed hills. But while this mutual propinquity destroys all the idea of rural retirement, the houses are at the same time not sufficiently numerous in any one place to form a village, as each row is a mile or more distant from its next neighbor. Yet, with all these unprepossessing features, there is something strangely attractive in the scenery, the numerous hills and dales constantly assuming new aspects as you walk along the tortuous road. Now you catch glimpses of long narrow valleys, and the next moment you find yourself quite surrounded by rising slopes of cultivated ground. Now you spy a church perched in some lonely position on a distant hill-side, or one of the rows of little cottages, before alluded to, and then, glancing before you, a broad brown space among the green fields in the distance tells you that you are approaching the famous moors of Haworth. As you pass over one of those glorious dun moors, with its richly-variegated carpet of flowers, a scene suddenly bursts upon you, in which Haworth forms the chief attraction, but which even without this is worthy of the highest praise.

It was toward evening that I arrived at this point, and, throwing myself down on a bank of flowery heather, on the very brink of a moor over which Charlotte Bronte and her sisters had often tripped, I gazed with surprised delight upon the exquisite scene. Beneath me was a long, green valley, stretching to the east, dotted with farm houses and churches, while at the distance of about five miles were plainly visible the smoky chimneys of the manufacturing town of Keighley. On the opposite side, the hill-slope presented a succession of cultivated fields; while a little to the west, another hill projected out into the valley, which here turned a sharp angle in a southerly direction. On this hill, and about half way to the summit, lay the village of Haworth, rising up from the valley in one steep street, and crowned with the tower of the parish church. Being built of the dull brown stone, so prevalent in this region, and the houses connected with each other, so as to appear at the distance as one long unit of building, the whole affair looked like some huge saurian monster, who was creeping up the hill-side, with his head near the top and his tail floundering at the base. Once that toad-like monster had a precious jewel in its head, and you can yet see the casket. It is an old, clumsy house, the highest in the village, and discernible for miles—Haworth Parsonage, where Charlotte Bronte lived and died.

It had been cloudy and lowering during the day, and as I admired the scene, which, even under these disadvantages, was truly beautiful, the sun, as he declined toward the west, threw out spheres of light through a rift in the clouds, and they fell with full force upon the village of Haworth, while the surrounding country lay in deep shade. For several minutes, the light lingered around the old church, and hovered over the now famous parsonage, and then died away, not to return until, in renewed glory, it would shine the next morning from the east; and this little incident seemed like an emblem of the life of the marvellous woman of that village—Charlotte Bronte.

Passing up the long, steep street of the village, I wended my way to the Black Bull Inn, the same in which poor Branwell Bronte entertained with his boyish wit so many a wearied traveller. On the way, I was slightly alarmed, by hearing a fearful noise directly behind me, as of the tramp of a heavy charge of cavalry. Stepping quickly to one side, to avoid the impending danger, I looked behind, and found that the much-ado-about-nothing proceeded only from a parcel of children, who were following me up the hill, all wearing heavy wooden clogs, which created a tremendous clatter, each little toddling infant making as much noise as a mounted dragoon. It is true that strangers now frequently visit Haworth, to do homage at the shrine of departed genius, yet they are not so familiar as to avoid notice; the juvenile Haworthians seem to think that stranger is a holy name, and that its bearer should receive due attention. Consequently, I was escorted in state to my inn by the entire tribe, with a noise as of the tramp of a mighty army, while infantile heralds announced my advent by running before my face, and crying out—

"Mother, here's a man! Look at ta man!"

The next morning was Sunday, and at the parish church I heard an able discourse from Mr. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Bronte. He is a man in the prime of manhood, reserved and dignified in manners, (indeed, too much so to obtain a local popularity,) and preaches a sound, forcible, and by no means sleepy sermon. In the afternoon he read the service, and during the singing of the hymn I observed an old man, with a preposterously big white neckcloth, burying up his face to the nose, walk feebly up the aisle, his hand shading his eyes as he slowly picked his steps. He was dressed in a black gown, and as he ascended the pulpit, I knew at once that he was the venerable father of Ellis, Acton, and Currer Bell—the Rev. Mr. Bronte. He chose for his text a few verses from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and proceeded to give extempore paraphrases or explanations of each passage, using no notes whatever. I could not but be surprised with the fluency and eloquence of the language of this reverend octogenarian, and could not but feel affected at the quiet earnestness of his manner. Mr. Bronte preaches regularly once in each Sabbath, and his congregation maintain for him the strongest affection. An unfavorable impression seems to exist in America in regard to this gentleman, in consequence of the description of his personal characteristics in Mrs. Gaskell's life of his daughter, but no such impression exists among those who know him best. Though so old, he yet takes the greatest interest in passing events; and, at an interview I subsequently had with him, he exhibited an acquaintance with the minutiæ of American politics that was really surprising. He is an enthusiastic admirer of our country and her institutions, and, as such, expressed himself in no measured terms.

Stopping into a little stationery store to make a few purchases, I entered into conversation with the proprietor, who has known the Brontes, and especially Charlotte, long and intimately, and is several times referred to in her memoirs; indeed, Miss Bronte, in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, mentions him as her "*one* friend in Haworth." With this gentleman I strolled over the moors behind the parsonage, along the same path over which the three sisters had so often strolled together. When the other two sisters had passed away, Charlotte still came out to take her lonely walk, day after day, upon the long, cold moors. And beautiful, as well as grand, they are, indeed. Instead of the vast desolate spaces we generally imagine, they present to view an immense slope, carpeted with the delicate purple heath flowers, with here and there a gay buttercup varying the general tint. Dark-blue bilberries grow around in abundance; and if you look closely on the ground, you will see bright green patches of moss, through which spring up the spray-like leaves of the wild fern. Oftentimes the wind, passing over the moor, plays with the gay heather-bells, and they gently wave to and fro like nodding plumes. Far away stretch long, green valleys of cultivated fields, while beyond these are high hills, some covered with other moors, while some are variegated with fields of green grass and yellow grain. The wind in the warmest summer days is always cool, and the air fresh. No wonder, then, that the Bronte sisters loved the moors.

"I have often met Charlotte here," said my friend, "when, after the death of her sisters, she walked here alone, wrapped in meditation. She was very short-sighted, and I would step aside a few feet, so as not to disturb her; but she used to say afterward that she always wanted me to speak to her when I met her thus, for one friendly word was worth more to her than the idea she might be at the moment revolving in her mind."

It was this gentleman on whom devolved the melancholy duty of informing some of her friends of her death; and the following letter, dated from Ambleside, April, 1855, was written to him by Miss Martineau, on receiving the sad information:

"SIR: I am deeply indebted to you for your kindness in informing me of my poor friend's departure. It is seldom that I use the word 'poor,' which has now slipped from my pen; but she so loved life, her lot was so singular in surviving so many of her family, and I trust so happy at last in having formed new ties, that I did hope for longer life for her, though I often feared that it could hardly be. If you would do me the kindness to furnish me with a few particulars of her later years, I should be most thankful. She had not written for so long, that I do not know the name of her husband, or anything concerning her, for above two years. I have often inquired, but could never learn where she was living after her marriage; and knowing neither her name nor place of abode, was helpless.

"You may possibly be aware that I am fast following her; I am mortally ill, and my departure is only a question of hours or months. In these circumstances, and while making my arrangements in regard to my papers, &c., perhaps I may be permitted to inquire whether my letters to C. B. have been preserved; and if they are extant, I shall be thankful to have them returned to me, or, should I be gone, to my executor. * * *

"Will you have the goodness to offer my respects and assurances to Mr. Bronte? To C. B.'s husband I really dare not send any message, so deep is my sense of his bereavement in the loss of such a woman. Vast as was her genius, and infinitely as I admired it, I honored yet more her integrity and unspoiled uprightness, simplicity, and sense. She was a noble woman, such as society ill can spare.

"I am, sir, truly your obliged
"H. MARTINEAU."

Haworth is now frequently visited by strangers, who come to see the humble tomb of the greatest female author of the century. The Duke of Devonshire was here the other day, and several Americans have found their way to this retired village; and there can be no doubt that the tomb of Charlotte Bronte will become one of those "Meccas of the mind," to which all true admirers of genius must make a pilgrimage.—*Cor. of Harper's Weekly.*

For the National Era.

AN INVOCATION.

BY SYLVIA.

Tell me, oh ye mighty ones,
Ye gifted ones of song,
Tell, oh tell me, when ye write,
Your noblest works of song.

Tell me *when* those strains are sung,
Which thrill the very soul,
And fill the heart with longings wild,
For the poet's golden goal.

Tell me *when* the hand is skilled,
To sweep the poet's lyre,
And draw from thence the burning words,
Which set the soul on fire.

Tell me, is it when the thoughts
Sweep madly through the brain,
And agony is stealing fast
Life-blood from every vein?

Tell me, is it when the heart
Is bursting with its grief,
And when the soul's intensity
Seeks wildly for relief?

Or when the heart and soul are wrapped
In ecstacies of joy,
When Hope and Love, our angel-watch,
Life's sorrows all destroy?

When not a shade or shadow comes,
Or one forethought of ill,
But *all* is bliss, *all* happiness,
The soul's deep depths to thrill.

Ye gifted, lofty, mighty, ones,
I ask but once again,
Will ye not still my heart's unrest,
Will ye not tell me *when?*

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

CHAPTER III—Concluded.

Little Harry, one day, trying in vain to draw her from her knitting to play, said—

"Shall you never be ready, Silly?" for that was the appellation to which he had reduced Phillis.

"Yes; but you wait a minute. I must exert myself to fill my position."

And when Harry asked, "What's that mean, Silly?" she answered—

"I'm bound to finish your stockings afore Sunday." And indeed she worked hard for Harry.

Mrs. Spoker tried to make her comprehend that Mr. Chinaway had made her possessor of Harkstone by a paper—she did not call it a will—and this transaction Phillis seemed to comprehend better than any in which actual money passed before her eyes.

"He drew a paper," said Phillis, collecting the heads of the argument, "and put in anybody's name as pleased him. He was the master."

"And you are the mistress, now," said Mrs. Spoker, "and can put in anybody's name, too."

"Just as you please, ma'am," said Phillis.

"No, you must not say that. I,ve nothing to do with it. But probably you like some people better than others. Whom do you like?"

"I like them as is kind to me," said Phillis; and the subject seemed to pass as entirely from her mind, as if it had been a lesson read at school.

"Be kind to poor Phillis," said Mrs. Spoker to her little son; "and don't call her *Silly;* call her Phillis."

The people in the country were very much amused at what had taken place at the old castle, and several of the families called there, and tried to see the heiress. But Mr. Spoker was a sensible man, and would neither allow her to appear before such people, nor his wife to profit by her own residence in the castle to enter into their society. He explained the manner in which he and Mrs. Spoker were situated, and declared himself merely the agent for the estate; and that his wife, at the request of Captain Graburn, had consented to live with the friendless Phillis. People in general gave him credit for a design to appropriate the estate; but nobody could deny that what he said was rational and satisfactory.

Meantime, his own and his wife's connections were not to be denied; and they came many and frequently to the castle. Still, Mr. Spoker allowed no splendors. There was a certain sum appropriated by him to housekeeping, and he would not permit his wife to add more than that sum to their own income.

"How should I answer, my dear, to the next possessor," said he, "when accounts come to be looked over, for spending more than will keep up a proper house for poor Phillis, and remunerate myself and you for our care of her?"

"That depends on who is the next possessor," said Mrs. Spoker. "I heard her say one day it should be the person who was kind to her; and if anybody's kind, I know who *that* is."

"Did she, indeed?" said Mr. Spoker. "What made her say that, I wonder?"

"O, you underrate her terribly," said his wife. "She has far more sense than you think for."

"I'm afraid so," muttered Mr. Spoker. And when he went to his room to write letters for that day's post, he looked for Captain Graburn's address, and indited him the following epistle:

"DEAR SIR: I feel myself in a very anxious position, for should anything happen to old Miss Chinaway, and should she make a will contrary to justice, I might be accused of neglecting your interests in a way very derogatory to my professional integrity. People *will* get about her, and there's no knowing what impression they may make by affecting a kind manner, to which she has never been used. Therefore, my dear sir, I should strongly counsel you to pay a visit to the castle, to look after your own fortunes, and tiddle the heiress.

"Yours, faithfully, L. SPOKER."

A few days brought him back the answer:

"DUBLIN, PORTO BELLO BARRACKS.

"MY DEAR SIR: Many thanks; but let people get about her. Life is too short to 'tiddle the heiress,' and I am enjoying it now, and have no mind to waste the present upon the chance of securing what I might either fail to get, or be too old to have pleasure from in future. How is the old girl—as handsome as ever?

"Yours, very truly,
"CHARLES GRABURN.

"Many and kind thanks to you."

"He's making game of me, I almost think," said Mr. Spoker to himself, as he folded up this letter. "He need not have been so short upon me."

The years 1853–'54 passed away, all these circumstances unaltered, except by the changes silently wrought on them by outward events. Phillis gradually took in some of the new ideas about her, and was thought competent by the committee of a local charity to sign the sale of some land which they wanted for enlarging their building. Mrs. Spoker had been very benevolent about this land. She thoroughly believed that her wishes on the subject were all for the school, and was quite justified to herself in making the best of Phillis's ability to sell the land, by the convenience it would be to the charity. She was eager to promote the sale by assurances that Phillis understood what was wanted, and that she could fully enter into the scheme; and, when the trustees came to talk with the strange heiress, rejoiced aloud, for the sake of the Harkstone school, that they understood Phillis's peculiarities to be only the result of previous circumstances, and the change in them. Mr. Spoker said to his wife:

"If she can do this, she can also make a will. I wish Captain Graburn would look after her."

"I am sure, my dear, I wish he would, poor young man," said his wife.

This young man, mean time, was going his own way, with as little reference to Castle Harkstone as possible. He had put it out of his head at once, and the raillery of the many and sympathy of the few were alike distasteful to him. He had done what was both right and very unpleasant, and he wished to *have done* with it altogether. It was an odd page in life turned over, and, as far as depended on him, forgotten. Like other young soldiers, when the eventful 1854 came, he was entirely of opinion that we ought to go to war, because it would give the army the opportunity of active service, and was highly gratified to find his opinion adopted by the Kings and Queens of the earth, and hostilities declared against Russia. He belonged to a cavalry regiment, which was not one of those ordered out upon service; and the moment this was ascertained, he posted off to the Horse Guards to get upon active service, which he could only do by exchanging into a regiment of infantry already under orders for the Crimea. In acting thus, he did what was not only pleasant to himself, but what he had quite a right to do; for, except one first cousin by his mother's side, he had not a relation whose wishes to detain him need have any weight with him. This first cousin was a bragging, prating fool, whom Charles Graburn never thought of, except as an object to turn into ridicule. When he made his will, therefore, previously to leaving England, he was very much puzzled to know who should be his heir. "It is but little," said he to himself; "but, little or much, Nicholas Shipswood shall not have it. Ass!" He reflected for a long time, and at last determined.

He had on his table a little book, containing "Directions for making a Will;" otherwise, if he had been obliged to consult a lawyer, he never would have had courage to do as he did. There was a young lady with whom he had danced all his last leave in London; whenever he could, he had ridden beside her in the Park; and at last he had observed that, when she caught sight of him in the doorway, the color blushed over her pretty face, and that in the open air in the Park her eye welcomed him before her father or her brother perceived his approach. Then the straightforward and honest Charles Graburn had gone away; for, said he to himself, "I've nothing, and she has nothing. If I had—O, if I had, I would go to Lady Thame's ball to-night, and ask that pretty, sweet, simple, high-bred girl to be my wife. As it is—as it is—heigh-ho!"

He went away, and put her, like Harkstone Castle, out of his head as much as he could. He was all for being happy, and he could not have been happy if he had let his mind run on Florence; but her image recurred to him when he was leaving England.

"I would have given her all," said he to himself; "and she shall have it now, if I die; she can't have it otherwise." Accordingly, he drew up his will in her favor, securing to her all of which he, Charles Graburn, stood in possession on that — day of ——, 1854. The will was witnessed by his servant, and left in the hands of a lawyer, whom he had occasionally consulted. When Florence de Nyle saw her last season's partner gazetted for the Crimea, and wiped away the two tears which suddenly darkened her sight, she very little thought how he had been thinking of her.

The very same day, at Harkstone Castle, as Phillis was walking after Harry Spoker, and the "pooppy" was following her, she suddenly fell down on the gravel-walk, and could not succeed in getting up again. Harry tried what he could by exhortation and rebuke, and at last ran for his mother. Mrs. Spoker ran and lifted her up, and assisted her back to the house. It was evident she had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis; an event not to be wondered at, considering the total change of habits she had undergone. The Doctor was sent for, and Phillis for this time recovered. What portion of wits she had, did not seem diminished by the attack, but in her health there was an evident alteration. She walked less with Harry, diminished the activity with which she had arranged her room, ate less, slept more, and liked an easy chair to sit in. It could not be doubted that this would not last very long, and the destinies of Harkstone Castle became a matter of very great interest.

"Only keep her from thinking about a will at all, my dear," said Mr. Spoker to his wife.

"Very well, Spoker," answered the lady; "but you know she can be very stubborn if she takes a thing in her head."

This was true of some things, but not of such great interests as the Harkstone property; for it might certainly be a subject of doubt whether the idea of possessing it had ever established itself in Phillis's head. But Mrs. Spoker went on deceiving herself, and fancying she believed it very possible that the strange heiress might obstinately make little Harry her heir.

"If she should make a will contrary to Capt. Graburn's interests while I am her adviser," said Mr. Spoker, "I would reccommend him to dispute it, and I would assist him with all the information in my power. It would be dishonorable on my part; it would be a professional discredit."

"You would not if it were your own son," suggested his wife.

"I would," said Spoker, "though it were my son's soul in my father's skin."

Mrs. Spoker argued no more; but she said to herself, "Ah-a-well, he has not been tried yet."

Phillis lingered on. Through all the summer of 1854 she continued to live a declining life; and her interests were bounded to her physic, her port wine, her crawl along the gravel-walk, aided at length by Mrs. Spoker's arm. All those exciting months—when battles were fought, when brave men triumphed or perished, when the hearts at home beat fast for the fates of those abroad, when the great interest concerned absorbed for the most part smaller and personal interests—Phillis, neither knowing nor caring about those scenes, was quite taken up with her own living or dying.

The winter saw her withdrawn into a warm room, sitting in an easy chair, too weak to rise from it; a jelly and an orange on the table; a piece of flannel drawn over her head. The comfort and luxury she enjoyed were far more prominent in her feelings that the illness. She said very little, but wondered at her own comfortableness; and before very long, Spoker heard her frequently pronounce the phrase, "You are all so kind to me."

"What is she thinking of, poor thing?" thought he. "Somebody is prompting her."

Possessed with this idea, he was more frequently in her sick room; and, by all the indirect means he knew, tried to assure himself that she had made no will.

"Things change strangely, don't they, Phillis?" said he. "Who would have thought of seeing you here in old Mr. Chinaway's place? yet here you are."

"And they say I shall lie inside the church, by the side of him, when I die," said Phillis.

"O, we must not talk of dying," said old Spoker. "No fear of dying this time."

"I be not afeard. Better die whilst I am well off."

"Nay, there's no chance of change, is there?" said Spoker. "Live as long as you will, you will always have this warm room, and this easy chair, and this fine place—hey?"

"Don't know; it's queer to be hers."

"When you are gone," said he—"and we all *must* go some time—somebody will be here in your place. Do you think so?"

"You may sit yourself."

"I? O no, on no account. What made you think of it?"

"It's very comfortable," said Phillis; "I did but think you loved an easy chair. Harry loves it when I'm not in."

"O yes, yes, the chair, of course, the chair. So you'll leave Harry the easy chair."

"Do you mean like the mother left me the box with money, when she was dead?"

"Well, yes."

"That's a thing I'd fain know," said Phillis. "A paper was the way mother gave me the box, wasn't it?"

"I dare say it was; but it is a bad thing to write when people don't well know how. I sincerely advise you never to write."

"Nay, but there are some say I ought to write. I don't say who, because they, may be, would be angry, and you're all desperate kind now to me."

"O no, we are not—not at all—not in the least. I beg you won't think so; and as to writing, you can't surely—best not. You have not written, have you?

"No."

"And will not?"

"I dunna know."

"At all events, I am the only person who knows how to write things like that which old Mrs. Many—your mother, as you call her—wrote. Now promise one thing—I am sure I am kind to you."

"I don't say not," said Phillis; "so is little Harry; they all say so."

"But Harry can't write; so promise, if there is to be any writing, that I shall be the man to do it. Will you promise, Phillis?"

"Ay, ay; I don't think to trouble anybody, perhaps," said Phillis. "You be kind, and the missus very, and little Harry, and all."

"And there's another who has been kinder to you than any one," said Mr. Spoker, "and that's Captain Graburn. All that you have comes to you through the Captain."

"Noa, sir, 'twas the old master writ a paper."

"But the Captain got it first, and gave it all to you."

"What for did he? for I don't know what Captain you do mean."

"Not know Captain Graburn?"

"Noa. I dunna know, I'm sure."

"O, Phillis, you surely must know the gentleman who came to you, and told you that you had money and the castle, and all."

"I do remember something of a fine gentleman, with hairs in his mouth, that came when mother lay dead, and made jokes at me."

"Alas," said Spoker to himself, "what a trick for that jade Fortune to play him!" Then he added, aloud, "Well, Phillis, I'm sure you'll keep in mind what a friend to you I have been, and will promise to let me do your writing."

"Ay, ay, ay," said Phillis, stupidly; and turned her attention entirely to sucking an orange.

Time went on, and each portion of it was marked to most minds in England. The days of that year were photographed as they passed beneath the sun; they did not rise to be forgotten at their set; their images became permanent as they went by.

Those who thought least of the heroic deeds and stoutly-supported sufferings of that time were the heroes of the deeds themselves. Their simple valor, their good sense, their careful carelessness of standing an hour under the enemy's fire, their matter-of-fact purchase of a sausage, their patience under the privation of rations of all kinds, their parade canter to the charge of Balaklava, their nightly cigar behind the bulwarks of the trenches, were unlike most of the big words and flashing looks which came from swelling hearts and eyes about them in England. The patient valor of the men, who "rarely despond, and never despair," is like a trumpet to the souls of those who read of it; but the trumpet itself is unmoved, impassable metal.

For instance—and we all have instances—there were Charles Graburn and his friend, Frederick Palliser; the same who was playing at chess with him at Birmingham, when he got the first news of his succession to Harkstone. They were in the tent which they had agreed to occupy in common, leaving the other which belonged to them to their servants and kitchen, and they were enjoying one hour of the day. Nearly everybody has to look forward to one, as more comfortable than the rest of the twenty-four. They had lain down on their beds, and had heaped over themselves several old horse-cloths, which they had purchased one time or another at officers' sales—thus they obtained the blessing of warmth; young Palliser, also, the day before, had been down to Balaklava, and brought up a pot-bellied Dutch cheese and several onions, and had stopped at the best brush he met with, and cut away a good bundle, which he had brought into camp amid much ironical cheering. It was his turn, however, now to laugh; for his servant had added to it the scanty allowance of firewood made for cooking, and had boiled some strong black coffee, a good cup of which was being sipped, smoking hot, by both young men. As if to complete their comfort, an orderly came to the tent from the head-quarters of their division, with the long-expected post from England, and, among others, gave one to Charles Graburn. His companion received more. Few men had left behind so small a number of correspondents in England to give and take the news as our hero. They were at once deeply engaged in their packets. The one addressed to Charles Graburn ran as follows:

"HARKSTONE CASTLE, 3d *December.*

"DEAR SIR: I regret to inform you that Miss Chinaway departed this life, in hopes of a better, yesterday at 11.45, *without a will.* By these fortunate circumstances, you become sole and indisputable possessor of Harkstone Castle, and all its appurtenances; and as I had the pleasure to prevail on her, at the last solemn moments, to let me put in the fire a will which she herself, in extraordinary characters and grammar, had laboriously penned, I think myself doubly entitled to offer you the congratulations which I once before too hastily tendered. Nothing now remains but to come home as soon as possible, and exchange your sword for a ploughshare.

"Dear sir, for self and partner, yours, most faithfully, PETER SPOKER."

Charles Graburn read this letter twice, and then looked up to catch his friend's sympathy. But Frederick Palliser was buried in his own letters. His earnest face promised no sympathy for Charles, and he waited till his friend should have leisure to hear him. His own thoughts meantime were all in tumult. Rich again, lord of that strange old place, able to indulge in all those plans which had tried often to tempt his imagination, at the same time likely enough to be deprived of all by a bullet or a bayonet; for the first time, he thought of the dangers of war. He read the letter again; he blessed old Spoker; he wondered what the old heiress had written; he remembered the first time he had been declared heir of the castle, and again he looked for an auditor. Frederick Palliser was folding up a letter, and deeply pondering on the contents; but Charles would wait no longer.

"Frederick," said he, "do you remember the time in Birmingham"——

At this moment, a sudden blast of the bugles of their own division sounded the turn-out. Up sprang both the officers, snatching their swords from the bedsides, and, in the same moment, bolting the remainder of the coffee, and thrusting their letters into their pockets.

"I thought that infernal row must mean something," said Palliser, as they sprang out of the tent. "They've been at it stoutly, but I hoped it was only the French lines."

"I was afraid it was on our right," said Charles; "but we were too comfortable to move without occasion."

These words were said in the few moments before the apparatus of war was made ready to and by their hands; and in the changing of a scene they were engaged in supporting the defence of their division against the sortie which had been made by a strong body of Russians upon it. The enemy's screech, the cheers of the English, the alarm sung out by the bugles, the cracking of musketry, the blaze of murderous fire that far round illuminated the place—all made up a scene that told on the spirits and hearts of those engaged. Some it animated to madness; and when the enemy at last gave way, and the impetus of pursuit began, the party commanded by our two heroes (unluckily for themselves) carried it too far, and found themselves before long beyond their own lines, and in over close neighborhood of the Russian supports, which enabled the fugitives to rally, and turned the tide against those who were but now conquerors. There was nothing to do but to retreat. Far behind, the note of the English bugles was heard, sounding the "cease firing;" but that was not the call that suited the affairs of this too forward party. Gradually drawing back, the men alternately fired and retreated, their officers nearest the enemy, and preserving with great coolness their own and the men's presence of mind and steadiness. But the numbers that were opposed to them increased; and at last, a dash being made by their whole body, the English were broken, and fled back to their lines.

Charles Graburn would fain have fled too; but before he knew that he was not running, he was lying insensible on the ground, struck by one ball through the neck, and another on the hip. His last act of consciousness was to grapple a great thistle, and find energetic fault with it, for pricking his hands. After that, battle, Russians, home, Harkstone Castle, flight, pursuit—all were nothing to him for a space. He knew not how long the space, nor what were the events passing, till at last pain returned, and consciousness, and by degrees the knowledge of his situation. It was dark night still, though to the east the crags loomed out of the obscurity where the day was sending forth on the blackness its first obscure dull brown. The earth around was almost hidden, but he could perceive a few great stones and some stumps of brush, and at last a lump, which bore the proportions of a man, lying moderately near. "It's poor Fred, probably," thought he; "we were close when I fell;" and with extreme difficulty he dragged himself near to the prostrate man, and could then discern that he was alive, by an occasional movement.

"Is it you, Fred?" he gulped out, scarcely able to speak, for his neck-wound. You are alive, then?"

"Yes, but I think I've enough. And you?"

"Bad enough; I can scarcely stir. But, Fred, I've something to do before I die, if I am to die. Do you remember what I said to you when the bugles sounded?"

"Not the least."

"What do you think? I've inherited Harkstone Castle."

"Odd enough," said Frederick.

"And I want to leave it *away* from Nicholas, and *to* Florence."

"You are wandering, poor Charley."

"No, no; I've all my wits, and also the blank side of Spoker's letter. I'll contrive to scrawl it, if you'll contrive to sign."

"Go on," said Fred.

Charles Graburn, thus encouraged, took from his pocket the letter, which was dyed and wet with his blood; and as far as he could discern the black mark of his pencil on that part of the paper which continued white, wrote, "I leave my whole property to Florence de Myle." Frederick grasped the pencil, and with infinite difficulty subscribed his name. Charles Graburn's spirits rose with the excitement.

"But there should be two witnesses, by rights," said he. "If it's not perfectly good, old Nick will come down upon it."

"I don't know where you'll get another," said Fred.

"A Russian is the only chance; and the first daylight will bring plunderers, who are more likely to bayonet us than to sign your will."

"True enough; can't you crawl away, Fred?"

"Not I; I'm shot through both thighs; I am motionless."

Both were silent; they bore their pain gallantly. They endured stoutly the ideas which could not but press on them—of the enemy, against whom they were helpless. All was still for another quarter of an hour; then the earth vibrated beneath their prostrate forms, and, directly after, the sound of horses' feet, approaching at a trot, made itself heard. It was a Russian party, as appeared by the tone of their speech; but, in the darkness, they did not perceive the wounded soldiers, and they passed on. They were followed at a short distance by an officer of their own, who deviated a little from the track of his party, and passed near the young men. Charles's thoughts were very much carried out of his situation by his momentary possessions. As the officer came near, he lifted up his arm, and, at the same time, called to him in French, "*Une grace, Monsieur.*"

"*Ne craignez rien, Monsieur,*" said the officer.

"*Craindre!*" cried Charles, "*il ne s'agit pas de cela. De grace, Monsieur. Sous signez cet ecrit.*"

"*Comment mon nom?*" said the officer, who could hardly be said to have paused.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur—mais oui! cest mon testament.*"

"*Ah, Monsieur,*" said the Russian, hastily jumping off his horse, and doing as he was asked, and on again in a second.

"*Ivan Iliashensko,*" said Charles, reading the characters with straining eyes. "*Au revoir, Monsieur Iliashensko, au Chateau Harkstone, comte Dorset.*"

The officer was gone while the words were saying, but he heard them, and touched his cap, half laughing, as he started after his men.

"Who knows, Fred," said Charles, his spirits quite elated as he lay there—"who knows but you, and I, and that fellow, shall be by the Christmas fire at Harkstone yet?"

"Not I," said Frederick. "If you ever get back, take my love to poor Alice."

"I will, I will," said Charles; and, after a pause, he broke out again; "And, Fred, if you do come, bring Alice with you."

"All right," said Frederick, not able or willing to dispute about probabilities.

The daylight meantime grew clearer, and they could see several of their own men lying motionless upon the stony earth. At a distance, too, it seemed as if a figure moved in the dim twilight, stooping at each prostrate body it came to, and, after a few seconds, again advancing. Charles Graburn grasped the sword which still lay by his side.

"I'll not die like a dog, without striking a blow," thought he; but, a moment after, he relaxed his hold, and cried aloud—"He's our own! Soldier, come hither!"

The figure turned at the voice, and approached at a run; but the same exclamation which had caught his attention excited that also of four gray-coated figures, which had been partly hidden by inequalities in the ground, partly by the mist of the wintry morning. They were nearest, and sprang at once upon the two officers. "*Plennik! Prisonnier!*" said both; but their Russ and French were alike unheeded by the men, who tore away in a moment the ornaments of their dress, while one of the four, with the dismounted bayonet he held, lifted his arm, about to strike. In a moment more, the English soldier whom Graburn had observed was up with them, and the pistol he held in his hand had whizzed its ball through the head of the bayonet-armed Russian. The other three fell upon him; but he had snatched up Charles's sword, and, stoutly defending and attacking, cut through the arm of another; and the remaining two, having neither time nor reason for persevering in the plunder of the two defended men, while plenty were lying undefended, turned sullenly away.

"Brave Weight!" cried Charles; "you've saved us."

"Ay, sir; I got leave to come and look for you; but there's more coming. I hope ours will be first."

"Do you see them! Are they coming!" cried both the young men.

"Yes, sir; both sides. I hope ours will be first. Captain Graham sent down ten of his troop to try and bring you two gentlemen off. There they are; but there's lots of the enemy."

"Will they be in time?"

"Well, I think so," said Weight, reloading his pistol.

"I feel them on all sides," said Frederick; for his torn nerves vibrated to sound and motion.

"Ah, sir," said Weight, looking first right, then left.

The English soldiers were urging their horses over the rough, dangerous ground; Weight's arm was lifted high, to point out the place they had to make for, and then they dashed toward it. They came up in time; four sprang to the earth, and lifted the prostrate men. No care, no gentleness for their agonized limbs, could there be. They raised them on their horses, and into the grasp of two of their comrades. Weight sprang behind another of the men, and they galloped away.

Did any one ever break a limb, and know what it was to be moved? Think of that gallop!

But they were saved; the dragoons carried the two officers within the line, and up to the camp. There they were laid down and attended to. Frederick had fainted; Capt. Graburn retained consciousness of his agony.

But they did not die; they lay in the hospital, and life returned to both. They were sent home as soon as they could be moved; and before they were well enough to think of returning to their duties, peace had been made. Christmas of 1856 arrived, and the scene it presented at Harkstone Castle was nearly as Charles Graburn had said said it would be, but better still. The bright fire was burning in the castle room; and at the abundant Christmas board sat Frederick and his dear happy Alice; honest and excellent Spoker, and his wife, resplendent in a diamond cross and ear-rings—Charles's present. There was no Iliashensko, indeed; but instead of him, at the head of the table, sat that fair Florence who had been made mistress of the castle on the bloody Chersonese, and who sate there mistress, not of that only, but of the warm glad heart which had so nearly ceased to beat when he remembered her, and, thinking to see her no more, "with all his worldly goods did her endow."

The gift had been confirmed in her own village church as soon as Charles could walk with her to the holy table. She had loved him poor, and he knew it; riches were wanted only to give the two a home in common; and it was now a month since they had enjoyed it together. Charles's sense of Mr. Spoker's honorable conduct was expressed in ways more profitable than the sparkling present to his wife; and as for Sergeant Weight, he sate in the housekeeper's room, the most honored of guests, and everybody thanked him and praised him for having saved Charles Graburn's life, except Florence; but she, often as she took his hand in hers and began to speak, broke down for want of voice, and could do nothing but look him in the face, her eyes overflowing with tears.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

LATE INTELLIGENCE FROM UTAH.

Early in August, General Harney dispatched to Great Salt Lake City Captain Van Vliet, of his staff, to gather the necessary information respecting the disposition of its inhabitants, the geography of the routes, and other details requisite to a proper discharge of the duties of his command. Captain Van Vliet left Salt Lake City about the 15th of September, on his return to Fort Laramie, which station he reached on the 27th of September. A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from that post on the 28th of September, giving the result of Captain Van Vliet's observations.

That officer reports that the distance of Great Salt Lake City from Fort Laramie is 518 miles. He left his escort at Ham's Fort, about twenty miles west from Green river, and proceeded to the capital, attended only by his own servants. He was, contrary to many reports he had heard upon his route, received with much good feeling and hospitality, and every facility was afforded to him for the satisfactory fulfilment of his mission. He had daily interviews with Brigham Young and the other officers of the Mormon Church, and he represents that they uniformly expressed their determination to resist at all hazards the ingress of the United States troops into the valley. When reminded that, even if their resistance should be successful this year, the entrance would be effected in the following year by an overwhelming force, their reply was, that they had well considered all that, but, when the troops had carried the mountain passes, they would enter a valley "in which no shrub would be green, and not one stone remain upon another." They seemed to be possessed with the idea, that if they could but make a successful resistance now, they would gain time, and that on reflection, after such a practical hint as to the difficulty of the task, the Federal Government would recede from asserting its authority over the Territory.

The old spirit of fanaticism and enthusiasm displayed itself in these interviews, Brigham Young declaring that the day on which the United States troops were ordered to advance upon the Territory for its subjugation, would be the happiest that ever dawned upon Mormonism, inasmuch as the more the Saints were persecuted, the more they would thrive and multiply. The *Tribune's* correspondent thus describes a Sunday service. It is just possible that the demonstration described may have been preconcerted to impress the Captain:

"On Sunday, September 13, Captain Van Vliet was asked to attend religious services in the Bowery, and was escorted to a prominent seat upon the platform, and invited to make an address, which invitation he declined. By counting the number of persons upon certain tiers of benches, he estimated the audience to exceed 4,000. After some remarks by Heber C. Kimball, a discourse was delivered by Elder John Taylor, formerly editor of the *Mormon,* the newspaper organ of the church in New York city. At the close, Mr. Taylor called the attention of the people to the Captain, and, alluding to his business in the city, recounted the substance of his conversations, and said that he would make a request, in order that Captain Van Vliet might learn that he had been made acquainted with the determination of the whole people; he would ask that all those present who were willing to raze their houses, burn their crops, pull down what they had passed ten years in building up, make their beautiful valley a desert, and retreat to the mountains, in case the troops should force an entrance, would rise; and the audience, without exception, rose to their feet, and remained standing long enough to enable him to see that they were absolutely unanimous.

"During the previous proceedings, in order to answer practically an inquiry by the Captain concerning the proportion of foreigners present to native-born and naturalized citizens, Mr. Taylor requested all present who belonged to the two latter classes to raise their hands, and about three-fourths of the audience complied."

There had been some movements, however, that seem to corroborate the sentiments expressed by Brigham Young and the Elders. The population were concentrating themselves in Salt Lake valley, and were abandoning the outer fortifications. It is estimated that the largest force they can put in the field will not exceed six thousand. Capt. Van Vliet's inquiries satisfied him that there was some dissatisfaction with the rulers of the church, but that the dissatisfied were held in entire subjection, and would be until a powerful force from without secured them the opportunity of developing their sentiments. There was a manufactory of fire-arms in the Territory, but no mill for the making of powder or other ammunition. Brigham Young claimed that they had a three years' supply of provisions, which, in case of attack, they should take with them to the mountains, and there keep up a sort of guerilla

war upon the United States troops. These are indications of approaching trouble with the Mormons. Captain Van Vliet is represented as having extensive acquaintance among that people before this visit, and as being a shrewd and experienced observer, not likely to be imposed upon by any specious assurances or pretences. The declarations made to him by the leaders seem to be corroborated by their teachings in their public assemblies, of which we have now more full reports in the *Deseret News* of September 2 and 9. Elder Kimball, in a discourse on the 30th of August, seems to have had a fine time of railing against the U. S. authorities. We give a few passages in illustration:

"Well, here is Brother Brigham; he is the man of our own choice, he is our Governor in the capacity of a Territory, and also as Saints of the Most High.

"Well, it is reported that they have another Governor on the way now, three Judges, a District Attorney, a Marshal, a Postmaster, a Secretary, and that they are coming here with twenty-five hundred men.

"The United States design to force those officers upon us by the point of the bayonet. Is not that a funny thing? You may think that I am cross, but I am laughing at their calamity, and I will 'mock when their fear cometh.' * * * "If this people should consent to dispossess Brother Brigham Young, as their Governor, they are just as sure to go to hell, as they live; and I know it, for God would forsake them, and leave them to themselves, and they would be in worse bondage than the children of Israel ever were.

"Supposing this thing all blows over, and they don't come up here, but they begin to flatter us and be friendly, and what will be the result? They may flatter as long as the earth stands, but I never will be subject to one of their d——d pusillanimous curses. They may court and flatter as much as they please, but I never will be subject to them again—no, never. Do you hear it? [Voices—'Yes.'] Do you think we will submit to them? No, never. They have cut the thread themselves.

"You are the people who have the privilege to acknowledge Brother Brigham as our Governor, and continue him in his office, and you also have the privilege, through your agency, to reject him if you please; but it will be to your condemnation if you do, because he has got the keys of the kingdom, and the very moment you reject him you cut yourselves off from the right of the priesthood. * * *

"I am giving you a little of my feelings, for I want you to know that you are under no more obligation to receive those men than Brother Brigham's family is to receive another man, and to reject him as their husband, their father, their friend and benefactor.

"I have a right to say the Gentiles shall never rule over me, although this people might admit of their coming here. I have a right to say, also, that we shall never be ruled over by them from this day forth, while grass grows or water runs; never, no never. [Voices, 'Amen.']

"Well, we have got to sustain those Amens, and we have got to sustain these vows. You, ladies, too, will certainly have to do your part or back out. I told you last Sunday to arm yourselves, and if you cannot do it any other way, sell some of your fine bonnets, fine dresses, and buy yourselves a good dirk, a pistol, or some other instrument of war.

"Arm your boys and arm yourselves universally, and that, too, with the weapons of war, for we may be brought to the test, to see if we will stand up to the line."

There is more of the same kind in Elder Kimball's discourse, and in the remarks by other elders. Now, whatever these men may mean, the hearty responses from the congregation show that their followers believe them to mean all they say; and, as this style of teaching has now continued for some time, we do not see how the leaders can back out of the position they have assumed with safety to themselves, or how stem the storm of fanaticism which they have so labored to raise. It is worthy of note, however, that Brigham Young's brief remarks on the same occasion were much more temperate than those of his brethren in office. He exhorted to pity for the erring Gentiles who talked of invading Utah, on the ground of their ignorance of what they had undertaken to do, and expressed the belief that, if the soldiers knew what excellent people the Saints were, they would refuse obedience to their officers, and turn round and go home. Perhaps it would not be far from the mark to suggest that possibly Brigham Young permits these exciting and treasonable harangues, in order to bring about unanimity of determination not to be subjected to the Federal Government, so that in a body they may abandon Utah, and locate themselves beyond its limits, under his own more firmly than ever established despotism.

It is difficult to believe that a man of his sagacity seriously contemplates a determined armed opposition to the military force of the United States, with the fearful consequences to the Saints, their almost certain annihilation, which it would involve. If Capt. Van Vliet has not underrated the number of men who would respond to any such call from Brigham Young, the Mormon high priest's sagacity would be still more seriously impugned if he entertained any such purposes. He and his followers have gone far enough, however, to make it a point of national necessity and honor that the authority of the Federal Government should be asserted and demonstated in the Territory, and it is not to be supposed that the Administration will quail before any threats or defiance, but will meet the responsibility with promptitude and efficiency.

☞ The New York *Courier* publishes a list of marine losses for the past months, showing an aggregate of forty-two vessels, of which six were ships, nine were barques, five were brigs, and twenty-two were schooners. The total value of property lost was $663,300. This is the value of the property totally lost, exclusive of damages to vessels not amounting to a total loss, and of partial losses of cargo. The losses by marine disasters since the 1st of January foot up a total of $15,421,600, and the number of vessels lost is 487.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder, of India, in a letter to the *Christian Intelligencer*, gives the following instances of heroism, called forth by the Indian mutinies:

"Let Americans never be ashamed that Englishmen are their forefathers. England is a noble country. Her sons are heroes, and her daughters are heroines. This rebellion has brought out deeds that deserve to be associated with those valorous deeds which we, with throbbing pulses, read in history. In one place, a lady and her husband fled in their carriage. He stood upright. She took the reins. She lashed the horses through a band of mutineers, while he, with cool aim, shot dead one who seized the horses' heads, and another who climbed upon the carriage behind to cut him down. On they fled, till again they found themselves among foes, and a rope stretched across the road made further progress appear impossible. True to herself, she dashed the horses at full speed against the rope, and as they, bearing it down, stumbled, she, by rein and whip, raised them, while her husband's weapons again freed them from those who succeeded in leaping upon them. He was wounded, but both escaped with their lives. In another place, a young lady, the daughter of an officer, shot seven mutineers before they killed her. A captain, pressed by his Sepoys, with his good sword slew twenty-six of them before he fell!"

Crawford and his Brother Artists—Arrival of his last Great Work.

In the studio on the Capitol Hill, in Washington, a number of sculptors are engaged in making marble copies of the plaster designs prepared by Crawford, in Rome, for statuary to adorn the new Capitol. We learn from the Washington *Star* that on Wednesday, on receipt of the news of the death of Crawford, the studio was closed, and appropriately draped in crape, and the artists engaged therein joined in expressions of sorrow for the loss of one who stood so high in their ranks as a man, as well as a sculptor. One of them, Thomas Gazliardi, came from Crawford's studio in Rome, and he is eloquent in praise of the deceased, who, he says, was always most kind and considerate to his workmen, was indefatigable, early and late, in his profession, and during his twenty-three years stay in Rome had particularly endeared himself to the inhabitants by his qualities of heart and mind.

The Dutch brig Walborg, with the equestrian statue of Washington on board, has arrived in the James river, and is now at Newport Neuse, awaiting orders. "The arrival of this vessel (says the *Richmond Enquirer*) almost simultaneously with the intelligence of the death of the artist whose genius was manifested in the completion of his great work ere his light went out forever, will be regarded by some as a melancholy coincidence; yet it is gratifying to know that the object of his latest toil has been borne in safety over the seas, and that Virginia will be permitted to perpetuate his memory, by adorning her capital with his most conspicuous achievement."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1857.

☞ The office of the *National Era* is removed to the newly-erected "Republican Building," corner of Indiana avenue and Second street.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hope those who have received circulars will attend to them promptly: we were never so much in need of prompt remittances as we are now.

We are now sending out bills to subscribers, and shall continue doing so for several weeks to come. Let each subscriber keep a good lookout for his bill, and respond forthwith.

There may be many, to whom we have sent no circulars, disposed to act as agents in obtaining subscribers. We pray them not to wait, but act without further notice. We insert our Prospectus, so that they may see the terms. They can cut it out, paste it on a sheet of paper, and see how many new subscribers they can raise.

Congress will meet in a few weeks, and it is desirable to have as many subscribers as possible before that time.

The session will be the long one—the subjects of great importance—and the *Era* will be at pains to keep its readers well posted.

As to money, our friends must do the best they can. Send us gold, or New York or New England notes of solvent banks, if possible—otherwise, such notes as pass current with them. We must of course pay a heavy discount, but we would rather do this than lose their subscriptions.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We learn that the article on Douglas Jerrold is by J. H. Hanna, a Scotchman, and a friend and disciple of Thomas Carlyle—one of the contributors to Punch, and the author of Singleton Fontenoy, and some other novels.

Florentine Mosaics, is by Motley, the historian of the Rise of the Dutch Republic.

Santa Filomena—Florence Nightingale, is by Longfellow.

Sally Parsons's Duty, by Miss Rose Terry.

The Manchester Exhibition—by Charles E. Norton, of Cambridge, son of the late Andrews Norton, the eminent Unitarian theologian.

The Rommany Girl, Chartist's Complaint, Days, Brahma, and Illusions, by Emerson.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Gift of Tritemius, and *The Origin of Didactic Poetry*, by J. R. Lowell.

Pendlam, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of Neighbor Jackwood.

British India, by Charles C. Hazewell, editor of the *Traveller*.

Akin by Marriage, by Calvin W. Philleo, of Hartford.

Music, by F. H. Underwood, of Cambridge.

Considering the extent of the circulation of the New York *Tribune* among Republicans, and its influence, it is to be regretted that its tone is not more hopeful. It seems to be always calculating on the worst, and, when disappointed in this respect, accepts victory almost as doubtingly and reluctantly as other people accept defeat. It encouraged the People of Kansas to do nothing in relation to the Constitutional Convention; when they decided to vote in the election for Delegate to Congress and members of the State Legislature, sustained that policy, but augured only fraud, violence, and defeat; when a Free State victory was announced, would hardly believe it, and then was more zealous in complaining of frauds perpetrated by the Pro-Slavery Party, than in exulting over the brave accomplishments of the Free State Party. Mr. Chase having been renominated for the Governorship of Ohio, it eulogized him warmly, but lamented that he was too good a man to win success in such times as these; and for some time it was utterly skeptical as to the encouraging results of the elections in Iowa and Ohio. It was the last to believe in the triumph of Mr. Chase. The opponents of Republicanism take courage from its melancholy tone. A New York correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, writing October 29th, communicates the gratifying intelligence to Southern readers, that the *Tribune* is out of heart: "The *Tribune* of this morning confirms the justice of the views I expressed in my letter of yesterday respecting the State election, and *actually gives up the hope of its party's triumph on Tuesday next*. In a desponding, double-leaded editorial this morning, it confesses 'there is danger of an adverse result of the election next Tuesday.'"

Now, the best preparation for battle, next to a fair field and thorough discipline, is the expectation of victory. The General who before an engagement should expatiate on the probabilities or prospects of defeat, would hardly be deemed a Napoleon.

We must have faith in our principles, faith in the People, faith in ourselves, and faith in Him who governs the world by fixed laws, although we may not always comprehend the workings of those laws.

We see nothing to discourage those who seek to make Liberty the controlling Principle of the Government. The Pro-Slavery Administration has not increased since last November its strength in the Free States, possessed as it is of immense, far-reaching patronage. State elections in Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, Ohio, and Iowa, have all resulted in the success of Republicanism, and from Iowa we shall now have a Republican Senator to succeed the present Pro-Slavery incumbent. The result in Pennsylvania shows little change since last year. The Harrisburgh *Telegraph* gives the following as the official totals for Governor:

1857.		1856.	
Packer	188,887	Buchanan	230,710
Wilmot	146,136	Fremont	147,510
Hazlehurst	28,132	Fillmore	82,175

Packer over Wilmot, 42,751; over Wilmot and Hazlehurst, 14,619.

Packer less than Buchanan, 41,613; Wilmot less than Fremont, 1,374; Hazlehurst less than Fillmore, 54,043; Hazlehurst more than the "straight" Fillmore vote last fall, 1,794.

That the Republican vote should have fallen off only thirteen hundred, while the Democratic has been reduced forty-one thousand, does not tell much against the prospects of Republicanism in Pennsylvania. In Indiana, too, it holds its own, as well as in Minnesota; while in Kansas it has won an unexpected triumph.

In view of all these successes, the despondent tone of the *Tribune* is as groundless as the clamorous rejoicing of the *Union*. The one is as thankful for small favors as the other is thankless for large ones.

Looking beyond the successes of the Republican Party to the gains of the Cause of Freedom, indications are no less encouraging.

Kansas has elected a Free State Delegate to Congress and a Free State Legislature, thus demonstrating the existence of a Free State majority in that Territory—a fact hitherto asserted, but not proved.]

Minnesota has formed a Free Constitution, and next winter will demand admission into the Union as a Free State.

Oregon is following in her track, and Nebraska will soon be ready. What Pro-Slavery gains are to balance the weight brought to the Free State majority in the United States Senate by these accessions?

Let the *Tribune* take courage. We have good reason to be hopeful, but none at all to relax our efforts. Our gains are great enough to inspire us with new energy, although not decisive enough to beget over confidence.

WHAT WILL THEY DO NOW?—PARTIES IN THE NEXT CONGRESS.

The *Augusta* (Me.) *Age* asks, "What will the Republicans do now? The Kansas question is settled, they are deprived of an issue, they must invent some new one. Will they adopt the old Whig creed of a Protective Tariff and a National Bank?"

The Republicans will not change their ground. Like the National Democracy, so-called, they differ among themselves in regard to Banking and a Tariff. Some are for Free Trade and Hard Money; some for Protection and Banks; some for a Revenue Tariff with incidental protection, and Banks with the most stringent safeguards. Like the so-called Democracy, they tolerate the widest differences of opinion upon these subjects; and there is no danger that these will become Party Questions.

The Buchanan Party have possession of the Federal Administration, will control the next Congress, and of course will be responsible for the financial policy of the country. If they choose to let the present Tariff alone, the Republican party, being in the minority, will not be called upon to disturb it. Should they initiate any measures wisely calculated to promote a gold and silver currency, Republican members will doubtless encourage them: so, if they are not in earnest, but only propose to win some credit with the People by empty declamation against Paper Money, endeavoring to throw upon the Republican party the onus of advocating it, it will be just as well for them to keep quiet. We do not think the Republicans will be caught in any such trap. Even the *New York Tribune*, with all its devotion to Protection, wants no such issue for the Republican party:

"We have been falsely charged," it says, "by the *Journal of Commerce*, with abandoning the platform of the Republican party, in favor of a Protective Tariff. Nothing could be further from the fact. We propose no alteration of the Tariff—recommend none—any more than we propose or recommend a National Bank. The People, whether wisely or unwisely, have chosen a Democratic Congress, which could not be induced to enact a Protective Tariff, if it were certain that thus only could thousands of laborers be preserved from starvation, and the country from absolute ruin. The interests of 'the party' are paramount with its functionaries, and for them to protect the industry of the country would be to commit political suicide. The power is in their hands, and they will use it for their political advantage, not for the good of the People. Believing that a cycle of Hard Money and Free Trade is therefore inevitable, we exhort every one to shape his business accordingly, and not look to the Government for a relief that will certainly not be afforded. It were mad to live in hopes of what a Congress, to be hereafter elected, may do three or four years hence."

This is sensible. Holding precisely opposite views concerning Protection and Banking, we yet agree with the *Tribune* in the practical conclusion to which it comes.

What, then, will be the issues? Precisely what they have been since the organization of the Republican party. Shall Slavery or Freedom control and shape the policy of the Federal Government, and determine the destinies of the Union? This is the question in controversy between the Republicans and the so-called National Democrats, and it will occupy as much of the time of the next Congress as it did of the last.

Is the *Age* really ignorant of the movements in its own party? Look at the Southern section, constituting the body of it: what is it about? Thinking and talking of the monetary crisis? Discussing questions of finance? Preparing for new issues? Its one idea is Slavery, and its necessities. The South is divided, not between Whigs and Democrats, or Democrats and Americans, but between those who believe in National Democracy as the guardian of Slavery, and Mr. Buchanan as perfectly loyal to all its interests, and those who question the good faith or sufficiency of both. The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* is the leading organ of the former, the Richmond (Va.) *South*, of the latter. One faction assumes to be conservative, the other is denounced as destructive. To the former belong Henry A. Wise and a majority of the Senators from the South; to the latter, Senators Hunter and Toombs, General Quitman and Jefferson Davis.

The course of Governor Walker in Kansas and his relations to the Administration, form the special subjects of controversy. The Governor, as we all know, took the ground, in his public addresses, that the location of Slavery is determined by climatic laws; that it is not adapted to the latitude of Kansas; that the principle of popular sovereignty is the only true and safe principle for the settlement of the questions at issue between the North and the South; that he would insist on the full application of this principle to the question of Slavery in Kansas; that the Constitutional Convention to be held in Kansas ought to submit the question for its solution to the actual residents of Kansas, and the decision of a majority, whatever it may be, should be binding; that such was the opinion of the Administration by which he was appointed; and that, should the Convention refuse to submit that question to the actual residents, then he would do all in his power to have the Constitution sent back.

This was a bold position for a Southern man, and yet, none other could be taken without falsifying the position of the so-called National Democracy, and the declarations of Mr. Buchanan himself in his Inaugural. If the South would not assent to this policy—would not agree that a majority of the actual settlers should determine their own domestic institutions, in forming a State, there must be an end of all connection between Northern and Southern Democrats—it would at once be manifest to all that it was resolved to rule by force, in violation of the Democratic Principle.

But the "*South*" and its associates assailed the Governor with great severity, and some of them did not scruple to implicate Mr. Buchanan. At first, the Richmond *Enquirer* was staggered, admitted that Governor Walker had been imprudent, but vindicated the Administration. As to submitting the Constitution to the people of Kansas, it could see no difficulty in that, provided a proper construction were given to that term, "the People." Who were they? Obviously those who had elected the delegates to the Convention! They had been ascertained by the registry to be "the People" of Kansas. This was of course a mere subterfuge—the *Enquirer* was intimidated at first by the attacks of the "fire-eaters"—and yet it could not desert the Administration or Governor Walker. Mr. Buchanan could not disavow his agent, or disclaim the policy he had announced, by adopting or sanctioning the subterfuge of the *Enquirer*, without inflicting a deadly blow on his Northern supporters. What was to be done?

Fortunately, the Silliman Letter gave him an opportunity to put himself in a position where he could be supported by the "National Democrats" of the South. The Dred Scott decision had been hailed by even the ultras in that section, as a triumph of their cause; and so, Mr. Buchanan, in reply to that letter, completely endorses all the Pro-Slavery doctrines of the Court. What other President, exclaimed an "Old Line Whig," writing to the Richmond *Enquirer*, has ever gone so far as that? It now became safe for that paper and its associates to sustain the policy of the Administration in Kansas. While still admitting that Governor Walker might have been rather unreserved in his public declarations, it no longer talked of restricting the submission of the Constitution in Kansas, to those only who had voted for the Convention. The Rockingham Democracy, at one of its meetings, took the ground that it would be Anti-Democratic for the Convention to refuse to submit the Constitution to the vote of all the actual residents of Kansas; and the *Enquirer* endorsed their proceedings. If a majority of the settlers, it argued, were opposed to Slavery, their will ought to be respected. To attempt to ignore or evade it, would only render the South obnoxious and alienate friends in the North, without doing any good at all—inasmuch as that majority, even if Kansas were admitted as a slave State, could immediately change the Constitution.

The lines now began to be plainly drawn. On the one side, the "*South*" condemned Gov. Walker for arguing against the adaptation of Slavery to the climate of Kansas, and for using his influence to induce the Convention to submit the question of Slavery to the People of the Territory; and demanded that the Convention, without any such submission, should send the Constitution to Congress. The *Enquirer*, on the contrary, justified this policy, and sustained the Administration in the enforcement of it; and at length the difference between them has grown up into a political test. Mr. Hunter, a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, having fallen under suspicion of hostility to the Administration, was continually called upon by the *Enquirer*, understood to be in the interest of Governor Wise, to define his position. At last, in reply to some inquiries of Mr. Leake, he writes a long letter, coldly expressing friendship for the Administration, and a purpose to sustain it so far as its course shall meet with his approbation; but he plainly evinces his sympathy with the "*South*" and its associates, by condemning Gov. Walker, and discrediting the policy of submitting the Constitution to the People of Kansas. It furnishes good ground for believing that he may vote against ratifying the nomination of the Governor, and perhaps unite with Senators Toombs and Davis in measures to defeat the admission of Kansas as a free State.

The indications then are clear enough that the next Congress will be the theatre of a complicated and desperate struggle on the Slavery Question. The nomination of Gov. Walker, and the presentation of the Constitutions of Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon, will furnish the occasion. Should the Convention in Kansas proceed in its work, form a Pro-Slavery Constitution, and, without submitting it to the People, send it to Congress, the ultras of the South will be at once united and organized to sustain it: the "National Democrats," so called, must then make their election between that faction and their Northern supporters. If, voting with the Republicans, they reject the Constitution, and return it for submission to the people of Kansas, they must make up their minds to put down the ultras, or be put down by them. If they yield to them, and bring in Kansas with its Slave State Constitution, they will give the Republicans vantage ground in the free States, and alienate large numbers of Northern adherents. Meantime, the whole question of political power between the Slave Interest and its opponents would be brought under discussion, giving rise to issues to be decided by the election of 1860.

So much for the questions of the "*Age*." It would not have propounded such inquiries, had it kept itself well informed of the condition of its Party in the South, and in relation to the subjects which engross its discussions.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHAPLAINS.

Mr. Lorenzo D. Johnson, of this city, has lately issued a pamphlet on the subject of Chaplains employed by Congress, and also in the army and navy of the United States. Some of his views are entitled to much consideration; others are hardly practicable. He tells us that not one half the number of chaplains authorized by law is employed in our army; and in our navy, consisting of nearly nine thousand men, forming ninety distinct crews, there are only twenty-four chaplains.

It must be confessed that the Government is shamefully remiss in providing the means of religious instruction and comfort for its soldiers and sailors. But, Mr. Johnson seems to think that the evil to be remedied lies in the character of the chaplains themselves. Has he any facts showing their delinquency as a class? He produces none, nor have we heard that they are habitually neglectful of their duties. And yet, to remedy this fancied evil, he proposes a most novel method, one which, so far as we can see, is not only unnecessary, but inconsistent with the rules and regulations of the military and naval service: it is, the institution of a Board of Clergymen, whose business it shall be to examine into the character and fitness of all candidates for the chaplaincy; such as they choose to recommend, are alone to be appointed by the President; and they are to be instructed to make annual reports to them, abstracts of which are to be prepared by the Secretary of the Board, to appear among the accompanying documents of the President's Message: the Board also to have the power to act as a Retiring Board, dismissing from the service such chaplains as they may deem unfit or disabled!

What is the matter with these Government chaplains? So far as the Public is advised, they are as attentive to their duty as their brethren in civil life.

What is there in their mission, to require so extraordinary gifts, as the institution of such a Board would suppose to be necessary? It is a very simple one: to say prayers twice a day, to preach once a Sunday, and, we suppose, to attend the sick, and perform the funeral service for the dead—plain duties, easily performed, within the compass of capacities, of which even a President of the United States can judge pretty fairly, without the intervention of a college of learned Divines. Besides, the candidates for the chaplaincy are ministers of some religious denomination, and surely the certificate of a church is as good an endorsement as that of a dozen clergymen in Washington!

But has Mr. Johnson forgotten that the chaplain is under absolute command? That in the navy, for example, he has no independent authority, but must obey his commodore or commandant? He cannot preach or hold Divine service, without permission or orders. The rule is—"The commanders of all ships and vessels in the navy having chaplains on board shall take care that Divine service be performed in an orderly and reverent manner twice a day, and a sermon preached on Sunday, unless bad weather or other extraordinary accident prevent it; and that they cause all, or as many of the ship's company as can be spared from duty, to attend to every performance of the worship of Almighty God."

The commodore is master—the chaplain must obey. He is to judge whether there shall be service or not, and who shall attend. And he may order the church service to be read, if he please, and the chaplain, whether Presbyterian, Catholic, or Universalist, must obey, or be punished. If his conscience be nice on such a point, the navy is no place for him—he ought not to have placed himself in it.

The idea, too, of an officer of the navy reporting himself to a Board of Clergymen in Washington, annually, as if it was his superior, must be a novel one in the naval service! We might as well well authorize the Board at once to sit in judgment on the Commodore—to compel him to report in regard to the discharge of his religious duties. A ship of war is not a church exactly; but if it be, the commodore is its supreme pontiff.

GOV. WALKER AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

Governor Walker's proclamation of the 10th October, throwing out the pretended votes returned from Oxford precinct, thereby giving to the Free State Party a majority in the Legislature, must commend itself to every reasonable mind. By the law, it is made the duty of the Secretary to examine the returns in the presence of the Governor, and to give to the persons having the highest number of votes, in their respective districts, certificates of their election to the Legislative Assembly. If the returns on their face be illegal, it would follow that the votes ought not to be received. The returns from Oxford precinct on their face were illegal; but both the Governor and Secretary, unwilling to deprive any portion of the People of their votes on account of technicalities, visited Oxford, went through Johnson county, and ascertained that the votes were not real, but simulated and fictitious. This was conclusive. Their obligations to the law, to the principles of Republicanism, good faith to the People of the Territory, a regard for the Peace of the Territory, and common honesty, required that they should reject the returns. An opposite course would have stamped them as unscrupulous tools of Party, and would have justified the People of the Territory in any necessary measures to obtain justice. A community that would suffer itself to be stripped of its rights by so barefaced a fraud, would deserve to be enslaved.

Telegraphic dispatches from Washington report that the Administration is much exercised by this conduct of Governor Walker—that he has transcended his instructions—that he and Mr. Stanton will be removed, or at least reprimanded. Perhaps—but we do not believe it. Reprimand two officials for doing their duty—for refusing their sanction to an infamous fraud—for not counting votes which were never given! Should the Administration be guilty of such an indecency, it would deserve universal contempt and execration.

RECENT ACTION OF THE SYNOD OF VIRGINIA.

The action of the Virginia Synod, to which we briefly alluded in our last issue, is worthy of a more extended notice in our columns. Any step taken by the Presbyterian churches of Washington on the Slavery question is a matter of interest to the people of the nation, for Washington is peopled from every State and city in the Union. The action of the Virginia Synod upon the Slavery question was caused by the Anti-Slavery position taken by the New School General Assembly at Cleveland last summer. The Virginia Synod, being connected with that Assembly, and composed of churches in Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, could no longer retain its connection with the Assembly, according to the almost unanimous opinion of the members of the Synod. The question in dispute, then, was not simply whether the Synod should secede from the General Assembly, but whether it should take an independent position, (like the Synod of Missouri, for instance,) or join the new Pro-Slavery Southern Church, under the special care of Rev. Dr. Ross.

During the discussion, an agent of the Tract Society very appropriately addressed the body, and claimed the sympathies of those present for the institution he represented, on the score of the neutral position of its Executive Committee. After he was through, the Synod voted that the Tract Society, since its recent action, (through the Committee,) "is entitled to the confidence of our churches."

This side-issue out of the way, the main question came up.

Rev. Mr. Haskell wanted time to prepare his opinions for expression, not to form them. They were now what they had always been; but as a member of the District Presbytery, and as an individual pastor, he thought too little time had been given for consultation. It was not the usual custom for young men to move too slowly; but he felt now that, like Moses by the Red Sea, he could recommend the Presbytery to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. His mind was made up, and, like Dr. Sunderland, he would sacrifice his relation to his beloved charge, the comfort of his family—but he could not sacrifice *his conscience* to these relations.

The allusion to "conscience" was unfortunate. The gentlemen who wish to found a Church upon Human Slavery, eschew "conscience!" Do we express ourselves too strongly? Read the reply to the Rev. Mr. Haskell. According to the *Star*, the Rev. Mr. Nourse "thought time enough had been given for consultation, and, while feeling for the District Presbytery, there was no other course, in his opinion, than the one recommended for them to pursue. *As to conscience, we were not to be guided by that.* We were guided by the Word of God. Conscience was to be educated. The Northern part of the Church had given up their conscience to the guidance of their fallen instincts. We must be guided by the Bible—and he was prepared to cut loose from the Cleveland Assembly, because they had presented a set of Abolition resolutions, which they were called upon to endorse or repudiate. And as to the financial point of view, although they were to lose every dollar which the North had been accustomed to pour into the Southern treasury, yet, let the Synod stand on principle, and God would stand by them."

It is not strange that the Bible defenders of Wrong distrust the human conscience. Any man, however sunken, *knows* that he is not rightfully a chattel, a machine, to be bought and sold like a horse. So the advocates of the New Church propose to silence the conscience of the South—and follow the Bible! not in its spirit, but the letter of the law, singling out isolated passages to suit their purposes.

We would like to be informed by the Rev. Mr. Nourse if conscience is to be distrusted upon all questions. For instance, the educated conscience of this age condemns concubinage and polygamy. But the Bible does not—unless it condemns Slavery. It as fully upholds Polygamy as Slavery. Why may not the Mormon claim Mr. Nourse as *his* defender? We have nothing to do with conscience—the men of the Bible had a multiplicity of wives. God said to David—"I gave thee thy master's house, *and thy master's wives* into thy bosom." Conscience is an interloper—what David did with God's special approval, we may do!

The Rev. Mr. Haskell quoted the following paragraph from a letter written by Dr. Ross:

"The Southern delegates took the position, *en masse*, that American Slavery is sanctioned by the Bible, and brought the battle to a stand-up fight on this ground—*i. e.*, the Southern delegates, without flinching, said to the North, you SHALL take our ground, past contradictory notwithstanding, or you SHALL deny it, and exscind us from holding it in some direct way, so as to make it impossible for us to meet you again in General Assembly. This NOBLE stand of the South in Cleveland reveals the future."

Mr. Haskell said:

"This doctrine he could not, he would not, endorse, and this action of the Southern delegates he could not approve; and he felt from his inmost heart, that to vote in favor of the report was to endorse that doctrine, and approve the general course and sentiments of the most extreme Southern men. He wished to pursue the original design which he adopted at the commencement of his ministry in Washington. But, in the event of the adoption of this report, his designs of good which have thus far stimulated him to action would be in a measure frustrated. If he went with the Synod in this secession, he would be forced to give up his own conscientious opinions, and adopt those he believed to be radically wrong. Entertaining this belief, he must oppose this report, though the consequences of this stand might be to separate him from his connection with the Synod, from his Presbytery, even from his church and congregation, whom he dearly loved, and to make serious inroads upon the comfort of his family; but, with this before his view, he must stand upon principle, and leave the result to that God to whom every conscience makes its final appeal; and if this report were adopted, he might avail himself of a constitutional right to present in writing his solemn protest to the action of the Synod, which stands out before the world as a secession in behalf of a system which he believed in his inmost soul to be intrinsically wrong."

Dr. Sunderland, of this city, made a speech against Pro-Slavery action. We quote a paragraph or two:

"We have heard the taunt of Abolitionism thrown out here, over and over again, as though every man, for any reason satisfactory to himself, cannot see his way clear. To go the whole length with these brethren at one leap is to be branded with this name, which means, among the people of the South, everything that is odious and pernicious. Well, sir, if this is the issue, let it come; and I tell you here, and tell you plainly, that if to deplore enormities and abominations connected with the system of Slavery—if any such do exist—and if to pray for the time to come when God in his good providence shall open the way for its total disappearance—if to love freedom more than bondage, as a state for mankind higher and more to be desired than bondage—and if to pray that all men may one day have the blessings of liberty—if this be Abolitionism, then make the most of it. I accept the designation, and I take leave to ask where is the man who will dare to stand up and say, here or elsewhere, and declare in the face of the whole Christian world, and in the middle of this age, that he loves bondage more than freedom? Where is that man? Let him speak out, if he is present."

This certainly was manly, though the speaker is by no means what would be termed an Anti-Slavery advocate. In reference to the action of the General Assembly, the Doctor said:

"But you say we were exscinded. I deny it. It is not so. Every man here knows it is not so. The public mind, I fear, has been much misled; you were exscinded neither in form nor in purpose; there is no such thing in the record.

"Well, then, we were virtually exscinded. This is nonsense. Excision is a judicial act; if it have not the intent nor the expression of cutting off, then there is no excision; cut off a man by inference—it is an absurdity: truly one of Dr. Ross's 'stultified abstractions.'

"Well, then, we were degraded; by what process did they degrade you? Why, you went there and said something about Slavery, and they chose to differ, and said the opposite—each claiming the truth, and differing from the other. Which was most degraded—you or they? Is the truth a degradation? Why, according to Dr. Ross, the Southern light had only just begun to shine, and now, forsooth, when we just had it all in our own hands, we must flee away, to avoid the degradation.

"Yes; but we could not stand the agitation. Indeed! we could not, and so we concluded to agitate a little more, because Dr. Ross says it is good and to be desired, and we adopted agitation to prevent agitation on this momentous question. Yes, you got tired of agitation at Cleveland, and now you have come here to agitate us, and to stir up strife, perhaps, while before we have had peace. I thought when I came to Washington I should be on the ground of the Union, and of the whole church, and, under the broad ægis of a national capital, I should find repose from the fierce and bitter sectional strifes that have wasted, and are now wasting, the very life-blood of our Confederacy; but at length I am here hunted out, and compelled, by Southern men too, to pronounce my choice."

Dr. Boyd replied to Dr. Sunderland. He said:

"Now, I ask, can it be possible that any man in the South will remain in connection with an Assembly which thus looks upon a large proportion of our members as subject to the discipline of the church for slaveholding? Are we willing to be recognised as *prima facie* criminals for being slaveholders, and to ask at the hands of the Assembly the *favor* of not prosecuting us for sustaining this relation? The truth is, such is the public sentiment of the South with reference to the Abolition action of the Assembly, that we must either abandon the Assembly or the South. There is no alternative. Two of the Presbyteries of the Synod have already withdrawn from the Assembly. And we hope that our brethren of the District Presbytery will pursue the same course. As to the platform adopted by the Richmond Convention, we are willing that it should go before the country, and be scrutinized as closely as possible. The substance of that platform on the subject of Slavery is *non-agitation* of this vexed question in the judicatories of the church. The Convention aimed to present the subject just as the Bible presents it—that is, recognising the *innocence* of the slaveholding relation—that Slavery is an institution of the State, and therefore does not properly belong to the judicatories of the church as a subject for discussion and inquiry. As we read the Bible, whilst the duties arising from the relation of master and servant may come within the recognisance of the church, *the relation itself, and Slavery, as a civil institution*, are not to be brought before the church. Besides, our experience has taught us that the introduction of this subject into the judicatories has distracted and divided the church. The Methodist and Baptist churches, and now the Presbyterian church, have been rent asunder by this unhallowed agitation."

Our readers will understand the drift of this argument at once. All that is necessary to secure any wickedness from church action is, that *the State legalize it*. If Utah comes into the Union, and Polygamy is legalized, it becomes "a civil institution," and the Bible, the Church, and the Tract Society, cannot touch it!

Rev. Dr. Smith, of this city, expressed his attachment to the Synod of Virginia, and determination to remain in it if possible. But the main point with him, for he did not care for Slavery or the General Assembly, was, that he wished to know what course was to be pursued in regard to the Washington church property which was deeded to the General Assembly; he also asked of Dr. Boyd, in regard to a committee which was appointed in Cleveland by the Southern members who were to investigate the manner in which the Washington church property was held.

This question is an important one, and the seceders will do well not to forget it.

"Mr. Haskell wished to give more explicit reasons why he did not feel called upon to act at once in this matter. One was, that he had been deeply engaged as recording clerk of the Synod, and had had no time to collect his ideas in a proper manner to decide upon the matter with so great precipitancy. He wished to do right, and not to violate his conscience in the matter. While he regarded a man without a conscience as a fraction of a man, he regarded one with a conscience improperly exercised to be equally so. He had too high a regard for the conscience of the Christian world to take the step which had been advocated under the auspices through which it was presented. The gentlemen had all spoken their opinions at the Richmond Convention, and they had gone forth to the world. Two Presbyteries had already acted in the matter. He considered the difficulty so great, as to what position the Presbytery would occupy in case they receded from the General Assembly, that he felt it necessary to hesitate gravely before taking such a step. Three-fourths of the material support which he had received, to aid him in establishing the work of the Gospel in a destitute part of this city, had been the gift of those who would not like to see his church become an extreme Southern church. He went on to say, that he could not conscientiously endorse the sentiments contained in the report. When he thought of the claims of every human being on the Gospel, he must repeat that be entered his solemn protest against the project of withdrawal from the General Assembly. He held out the olive branch of peace to the Synod, and hoped they would give a few days of grace to the District Presbytery, who were rather slow coaches, and desired to move rightly in the matter."

The following report was then adopted by a vote of 30 to 43:

"The committee on the minutes of the General Assembly report that they have examined the same to pages 401—404; and as it is impossible for them to concur with the views therein expressed, and which members of this Synod are expected to carry out in the administration of the affairs of our churches, we are therefore left to the alternative of dissolving our connection with the General Assembly; and the committee accordingly recommend that the Synod of Virginia do withdraw from all further connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which held its session at Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1857. In recommending this course to the Synod, we believe that we are expressing the sentiment of the great majority of our churches, deliberately formed after the most ample discussion, and when all the means of reconciliation and all the efforts of united action have been exhausted.

"While we take this ground, with a firm trust in the justice of our principles, and an unalterable reliance on the gracious support of the great Head of the Church, we do so with unabated affection for our brethren in the Lord, who have compelled us to separate from them, and on whom we would invoke the choicest benedictions of our common Lord.

"Signed by—J. N. Danforth, J. D. Mitchell, O. Treadwell, A. H. H. Boyd, J. R. Grettan, and William Herring."

The subjoined resolutions were passed unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That the Synod of Virginia approve as a whole of the resolutions adopted by the Convention of a portion of our Church, which lately met in Richmond, Va.

"*Resolved*, That we will cordially co-operate in the organization of the United Synod of the Presbyterian Church, which is to meet in Knoxville, Tennessee, on the first Thursday in April next."

THE "PANIC" IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard*, of New York, has a Boston correspondent who is rarely surpassed for wit, sarcasm, or humor. Rumor hath it that he is no other than Edmund Quincy, the "Byles" of the *Tribune*, and the novelist of *Putnam's Monthly*, (deceased,) and the *Atlantic Monthly*, just started. The aforesaid correspondent writes to the *Standard* a letter upon various matters, and among them upon the "panic" at Boston, and in the State of Massachusetts. He says:

"I was rather too swift, a fortnight ago, in bragging of our intending to keep on paying our debts, here. We have concluded, on the whole, to discontinue a habit which would be attended by the unpleasant incident of parting with our money. So we all stopped payment last week. The Giant Panic has devoured us, too. All our comfort is, that we were devoured the last. He 'ground your bones to make him bread,' as the Ogre in the nursery tale said or sung, before he crunched us up. He granted us that Polyphemean favor, at least; and we make the most of it. Everybody says that the banks could not help it, and what can't be helped must be borne. Almost everybody, that is—for there is a remnant, and a large one, that believes they might have held on and put you, with your metropolitan airs and graces, to an open shame. Gold, I am assured, is a drug in the market, and brings nothing in large quantities. But I don't pretend to know more than my neighbors in matters of this kind. Only I do think that the necessity of any really solvent bank refusing to perform its contracts is a strong argument against the system of banking in this country. I believe the remedy will ultimately be found in the abolition of banks of circulation. Banks or bankers there must be, but there is no reason why the one any more than the other should be allowed the royal prerogative of manufacturing money, and especially of making their debts (under the *alias* of deposits) a basis of circulation."

Here is a fact worth noticing, as a sign of the times:

"A gentleman of fortune and standing here, and a Hunker of the Hunkerest kind, said to me, the other day, 'When you have abolished Slavery, I hope you will undertake another crusade, in which I will join you—one for the abolition of banks.' I assured him that I was entirely ready to enter into the movement at once, without waiting for the preliminary. But this chance word, uttered by just the sort of man that said it, showed to my mind what a change has taken place in the minds of substantial men, on the question of banking, within twenty years. At the time of the last suspension, in 1837, I think it was, the whole race of capitalists were the fanatical upholders of the New England system of banking. I apprehend this is far from being the case now. The Legislature which will be elected next month will be chosen mainly upon this issue, and, you may rely upon it, it will not be made up of blind believers in our present system of paper currency; and it is very likely that its continuance will be made contingent, on the admission of very material modifications. The prohibition of the emission of small bills may be one of the regulations imposed, and a blessing surely, or at least a comfort, such a restriction would be."

Alluding to the proposed change from a paper currency to that confined entirely of specie, the correspondent says:

"It is very possible that such a change would hinder the sudden inflations of the balloon of our prosperity in which we delight; but it would also regulate its ascent, and keep it under control, and prevent it from collapsing and scattering us sprawling ridiculously all over the country, every few years. I make no pretensions to political economy. Only I know that gold is a safer currency than any paper promise whatever to pay it, and that whatever encourages men to engage in mercantile adventures before they have acquired by labor or skill the capital necessary to carry them on successfully, must be mischievous in its tendency and results. Credit cannot be abolished, for it has its foundations in human nature, and it is but good faith and regard for promises applied to the business of buying and selling; but, to be safe, it must rest on personal character, backed by solid capital, or these revulsions will be as regular as the returns of the gout of a still gormandizing alderman."

The trouble is, that capitalists make too much money out of our paper money, and they will not give it up. Possibly in time, for ideas are propagated slowly, the *people* may take the matter in hand, and give the country security against these distressing panics.

During the fiscal year ending June 30th, $37,000,000 worth of silks, embroideries, and laces, were imported into this country. It seems, then, that if the business world is bankrupt, the people at large indulge in luxuries.

☞ The Richmond *Examiner* copies "A Run on the Bank," by Mrs. Bell Smith, from this journal, without giving proper credit.

☞ Four ships arrived recently in New York with cholera on board, and were quarantined. One of the ships had lost twenty passengers.

The Review.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of Her Britannic Majesty's Government, in the years 1849—1855. By Henry Barth, Ph. D., D. C. L. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

The *first* volume of the above-mentioned work, by some mistake, has failed to reach us, and we therefore defer a notice of Dr. Barth, a synopsis of the plan of his work, and other preliminary observations, till we receive it.

Of the volume before us we can speak, and it must be in many respects similar to the other two. The third is yet unpublished. The works of Dr. Barth are published in a large octavo form—the volume before us containing over 700 pages—the print is clear, and the wood engravings are admirable. In the present volume, there are over fifty illustrations, and it makes a very handsome book.

The style in which the work is written is as popular as the nature of the subject will allow. Dr. Barth is at once scientific and descriptive. The narrative is full of interest to the general reader, and, at the same time, much important scientific knowledge is imparted to the geographical student. The profuse illustrations are a great help to the reader, enabling him to follow the gallant traveller into the wastes and wilds of Africa, not merely with his "mind's eye," but with his actual organs of sight.

The volume before us opens with the history of the Bornu Kings, and the first chapter describes the form of government in Bornu, the indigenous tribes, &c. Then follows a rival sketch of the capital of Bornu, its business, and the character of its institutions—a description of the Tsad, its banks, and incidents occurring upon it—the journey to Adamana—the border county of the Marghi—and the Mohammedan settlements in the heart of Central Africa. The traveller then proceeds towards Yola—returns to Adamana—goes on an expedition to Kanem and its eastern valleys—visits Mandara, the country of shallow rivers—the province of Sogon and Bafiemi. Endeavoring to leave the latter place, he is arrested, but is finally liberated, and enters Mascena, where the Sultan arrives during his stay. The last chapter of the present volume is principally occupied with a sketch of Mr. Overweg's last excursion, and an account of his death and burial upon the shores of the Tsad. We quote the latter:

"The same evening, one of the servants whom I had left with Mr. Overweg came and informed me that he was much worse, and that they were unable to understand a single word he said. I mounted immediately, and found my friend in a most distressing condition, lying outside in the court-yard, as he had obstinately refused to sleep in the hut. He was bedewed with a cold perspiration, and had thrown off all his coverings. He did not recognise me, and would not allow me or any one else to cover him. Being seized with a terrible fit of delirium, and muttering unintelligible words, in which all the events of his life seemed to be confused, he jumped up repeatedly, in a raging fit of madness, and rushed against the trees and into the fire, while four men were scarcely able to hold him.

"At length, toward morning, he became more quiet, and remained tranquilly on his couch; and not becoming aware that his strength was broken, and hoping that he might have passed the crisis, I thought I might return to the town. After asking him if he had any particular desire, he said that he had something to tell me; but it was impossible for me to understand him, and I can only fancy, from what happened, that, being aware that death was at hand, he wanted to recommend his family to me.

"At an early hour on Sunday morning, Mr. Overweg's chief servant came to me with the sad news that the state of my friend was very alarming, and that since I left him he had not spoken a word, but was lying motionless. I mounted immediately on horseback; but, before I reached the place, I was met by a brother of Fugo Ali, who, with tears in his eyes, told me that our friend was gone. With the dawn of day, while a few drops of rain were falling, after a short struggle, his soul had departed.

"Thus died my sole friend and companion, in the the thirtieth year of his age, and in the prime of his youth. It was not reserved for him to finish his travels, and to return home in safety; but he met a more honorable death as a martyr to science; and it is a remarkable fact, that he found himself a grave on the very borders of that lake by the navigation of which he has rendered his name celebrated forever."

Life Studies; or, How to Live. By the Rev. John Baillie. Published and for sale as above.

This little volume contains short and pleasant sketches of Bunyan, Montgomery, Winslow, and other celebrated persons. It is calculated to do good, and will, we presume, have a wide sale.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale as above.

This is the first complete collection of Leigh Hunt's poetical works; they are edited by S. Adams Lee, and revised by the author himself. The volumes are issued "in blue and gold," and the first one contains a portrait of the author. Among its contents we notice a characteristic introduction and introductory letter. "The Feast of the Poets," "The Story of Rimini," and the "Ballads of Robin Hood," are in this volume. In the second we have, among the best poems, "Capt. Sword and Capt. Pen," "Abou Ben Adhem," &c.

Leigh Hunt's poetry is of a peculiar kind—original—unlike that of any other poet. He does not soar to a lofty height. He is neither grand nor passionate. But he excels in the beautiful and the pathetic. He has all the subtle graces of beauty—touches the finest chords of the human heart. His many admirers will be delighted to welcome him to their homes "in blue and gold."

City Poems. By Alexander Smith. Published and for sale as above.

A new volume of poetry by Alexander Smith certainly cannot be passed by with a word. He is, with all his faults, prominently before the world, and is a poet, if not of the first class.

We are glad to see an improvement in this volume upon his first one. There is less spasmodic and sensuous poetry—more that is quiet and beautiful. Still, there is yet a wide margin for further improvement. The London *Athenæum* criticises "City Poems" with great severity, and apparently makes out a case of plagiarism against the author. It is more in the appearance, however, than in the reality. *Punch* takes off the *Atheneum* capitally (we quoted the article on the outside of last week's *Era*) on this point. But Mr. Smith will do well to avoid the appearance of plagiarism.

Hints on Health; with Familiar Instructions for the Treatment and Preservation of the Skin, Hair, Teeth, Eyes, &c. By William Edward Coale, M. D. Third edition.

This is an admirable little volume—handbook, it should be. It is creditably written by a man thoroughly qualified for his task, and it is full of those "hints" and suggestions which are invaluable in the household. We trust the book may have a circulation equal to its merits.

White Lies. By Charles Reade. Parts I and II. Published and for sale as above.

This new novel of Reade's is to be completed in four parts. The author has won a brilliant reputation in a short time—as to its solidity and permanency, time alone can decide. His style is bold, dashing, almost foppish at times

but exceedingly attractive. He is very popular in England—so much so, that the venerable *Edinburgh Review* has seen fit to attack one of his late novels. "White Lies" does not yet equal the best of its predecessors, in our opinion, but it is quite possible that the two remaining parts will surpass those before us in the author's characteristic excellences.

The story is issued in a very neat style—what book issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields is not?—and will be widely read.

HONORABLE CALEB CUSHING.

This gentleman addressed the citizens of Boston, last week, in Faneuil Hall.

He defended the Administration of President Pierce, and assumed that the opposition in Massachusetts was simply personal, being known as the Banks party, &c., and in this connection devoted three-fourths of an hour to reviewing Mr. Banks's speech on the financial question. The merits of the Kansas question were explained by Mr. Cushing as he understood them, and it was argued that speculation in the public lands was the one leading object of keeping up the excitement, both North and South, and that it acted as a sort of advertisement after the manner of Barnum. It was then argued that the "bleeding Kansas" idea had exploded; that the "Dred Scott" case had died out; and that the elaborately-constructed platforms of discord on which the Republican party had stood for three years were completely broken down—therefore, Mr. Banks had taken new ground, and endeavored to pervert financial questions to the service of the negro excitement. The speaker urged the support of the Democratic State nominees, and appealed to the merchants of Boston and people of Massachusetts to rebuke sectionalism, and closed with an eloquent peroration in reference to the future of the nation.

Mr. Cushing may as well wait a little while before he pronounces "the bleeding Kansas idea exploded," and before he is certain that the "Dred Scott case has died out." The politician who imagines that the Slavery question is at rest—that the propagandists will let it rest—hugs a delusion to his breast. It is more than probable that the question will agitate the new Congress to its centre.

HARD MONEY.—Several of the leading Democratic journals (so-called) advocate a hard-money currency, and some of them represent the Democratic party as opposed to the modern banking system. By these representations the Administration journals have gained thousands of votes for their party, and they will probably retain them on this account in future elections. Yet the votes in question were gained upon false pretences. The Democratic party *is not* in favor of an exclusive specie currency. Democrats engage in shin-plaster banking in every State and city of the Union. Not only that, but Democratic Administrations have encouraged paper banks in this city, by depositing United States funds with them. In this case the act has been the more remarkable from the fact that the banks in this city were refused charters thirteen years ago, and have lived till now upon the pretence of winding up! Yet the Administration allows them to set at defiance the laws. If the Democratic party were opposed to paper banks, of course a Democratic Administration would put these banks down. The truth is, that the currency question does not as yet enter into politics. Democrats are in favor of and opposed to an exclusive specie currency; and in election times Administration editors fool the people in the rural districts with the pretence that the party is an enemy of the banking system of the country. We trust that the question will *not* enter the arena of political warfare, but that the intelligent people of all parties will unite to encourage a safer currency.

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FREE STATE PARTY IN KANSAS—THEIR TRUE POLICY—THE ERA JUSTIFIED.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Though still suffering from a fever which has for nearly four weeks confined me to my bed almost constantly, I cannot refrain from thanking you for the noble stand you have taken in behalf of Kansas and her Free State policy.

I design to speak more *particularly* of the favorable influence your policy with regard to voting has exerted, not upon the Free State people alone, but upon the entire population. Having decided to go into the October election, we were on the road that *must* lead to *ultimate* success, no matter what had been the result of the present election. The people have taken a step which it will be utterly impossible to induce them to retrace. Once engaged in the contest at the polls, they will continue it until they are entirely victorious—an *impracticability* they will not again rally around.

We have said thus much, leaving entirely out of the account the result of the recent election.

But let us see whether the voting policy will stand the test, when tried by the *result* of the election just held. The returns are not complete, but enough is known to establish the fact that we have elected our Delegate to Congress, 10 out of the 13 members of the Council, and 27 out of the 39 members of the House. We think, if this is not *entirely* satisfactory to the Free State party, it is certainly not *wholly disastrous*. We think there will no longer be a justification for calling those "fools" who favored the voting policy, or charging them with "seeking to distract the Free State party," and "in their *uneasiness* attempting to get up a third party;" *all of which*, and *much more*, has been charged upon those who labored to get out the largest possible number of Free State voters. But had we by any means, however unjust, or however impossible to have been avoided by those who advised that the Free State men go to the polls, been defeated, we should to-day have been the best-abused men in Kansas, and the *journals* both *in* and *out* of Kansas would have been most thoroughly denounced. Happily, such is not the case. We say such is *not* the case; for no matter how corrupt the judges of election may be, no matter how false their returns, Secretary Stanton, Gov. Walker, and the National Administration, are all *pledged* to give us a *fair* election, into which *neither fraud nor violence* should enter. To them it is *all important* that these pledges be redeemed. So we argued before the election, and so we reason now. *Policy*, if no higher motive actuates them, must induce them to adhere to the line of policy they have marked out. We have heard Secretary Stanton state, not in private, but in the presence of a number of the most respectable witnesses, the Governor being present, and evidently endorsing the remarks, "that no man, of whatever party, should receive his certificate, if he had good reason to believe the person claiming it was not *fairly* elected by the *bona fide* electors of the Territory." We asked the Secretary if the *Pro-Slavery party* so understood him. He replied, "Certainly," and added, extending his right arm, "I will suffer this arm to be *amputated*, sooner than use it in signing a certificate to which the claimant is not *justly* entitled." We said to the Secretary, *we* should *remember* this pledge after the election is past. He promptly replied, "I *wish* you to." We were not then without faith in the Secretary's right arm, and are not now.

Have we anything *since* the election that goes to prove that it was the *real* intention of the Governor to stand by the pledges he made to the people before they decided to take the step which has placed them in so favorable a position?

We answer, yes. An individual whose influence for good is not second to any in the Territory yesterday called upon Gov. Walker, and spent several hours with him, for the purpose of learning what we might expect of him with reference to the notorious fraud at the Oxford precinct. The individual alluded to called at our residence on his return, and stated "that the Free State party would have reason to be *entirely satisfied* with the Governor's action." This you may receive, not as *erroneous*, but as a statement that may be *safely* relied upon.

But to your remarks in the *Era* of October 1st, following the extract copied from Mr. Heath's recent letter to you.

In this article, you go over the entire ground of debate between the *voting* and *non-voting* portions of the Free State party.

In not a single instance have you taken issue with the advocates of the voting policy in this article. Indeed, had you been here, and participated in the discussions, and been familiar with all that has been said and done, you could not more correctly have stated the position of those who advocated the voting policy, *previous* to the party deciding in Convention so to act. And were you the completest *plagiarist*, you could not have more perfectly copied their arguments.

But let us particularize. After expressing your gratification at the new position taken by the Free State voters of Kansas, you say, "your only regret is, that they did not adopt it in regard to the Constitutional Convention." This we advocated at an election held in Bloomington, last spring, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Topeka Convention, soon after to be held, and which decided not to go into the constitutional election; for this we were most thoroughly denounced. So was *the Herald of Freedom*, and all others who dared to give such advice. You then give the reasons urged by those who refused to vote, for thus refusing, but do not give the reasoning of those who were in favor of voting.

Let me briefly state their arguments. The voters admitted all the premises of the non-voters, but did not admit their conclusions. *All* agreed that the body claiming the right to legislate, had no *right* from the *people;* but a *part* claimed, that inasmuch as the Federal Government had not seen fit to declare the Territorial Government a *usurpation*, there was *some* reason why we should bear the usurpation as *gracefully as possible*, until we could throw it off. We said to those who dissented from us, in going to the polls, we admit nothing with regard to the right of the Legislature to frame laws for us which you deny. In going to the polls, we do not go with the *avowed* nor *secret* intention of giving *validity* to their enactments, but with the avowed purpose of rendering them a *nullity* at the earliest practicable moment. We said to them, our position is that of a person who pays a tax under *protest*, rather than suffer still greater wrong and injustice. That the only means of escape offered to us from our oppressor, were through the *Territorial Legislature* and *revolution*. For the latter we were not prepared, nor did we deem it necessary. It was our *duty* to come into possession of our rights with as little injury to ourselves and *friends*, at least, as possible. That if we were wrecked at sea, and a pirate vessel would carry us safely ashore, we should avail ourselves of the relief thus offered, never thinking that by so doing we were endorsing piracy. But this would not do. "They were not going to endorse the bogus Legislature any how." We asked them what they did propose to do. Some would fight, but most of them would only propose "how *not to do it*." Some of the "sagacious leaders" would plainly enough indicate "how to do it" for themselves, but this did not satisfy the people, and so they proposed to vote it out, and, as you have ere this learned, *did* it.

The next principal point in your article is with reference to the practicability of holding a party together, with no cohesive power but that of a simple *protest*. You say, "no party was ever held together by such a policy; and if adopted, in less than two years there would be no Free State organization in Kansas." Here again you are sustained by those who from the first have been in favor of inducing the Free State party to vote, and faith in the principle here stated was one of the principal reasons that gave the early advocates of the voting policy courage to openly advocate the doctrine.

The next point I notice is with reference to *paying* a tax, or committing ourselves to a *wrong*, for the purpose of securing a *real* or supposed good. Or, in other words, *suffering* a wrong, or *doing* a wrong. We conceive the difference to be *so great* as to need no illustration. Here again the voting party and the *Era* are in harmony of thought, and both have spoken alike upon the subject.

So with reference to the course to be pursued, should an unconstitutional or test oath be required as a condition of voting. At the Centropolis Convention we said, "Should any *unreasonable* requirements be made as a condition of voting, reject them, but *vote*." It was asked how we proposed to vote in case the judges refused to receive our votes. In this instance we might have copied from your article, had it appeared in time for our Convention, or you might have copied from our speeches and resolutions, had you ever received a correct report of the same. But the reporters present chose rather to characterize it as "*Pro-Slavery*," "*Walkerish*," &c.

With regard to Kansas being admitted as a slave State, which of course all would regret, it has been repeatedly stated that this would by no means dishearten us.

Having the great majority of the people with us, we should elect all the officers under the State Government; and if we could not at once execute our own will, we could at least prevent our enemies from executing theirs, as they would have no officers to do their bidding.

As you stated in your closing paragraph, so we have all along stated, that, before we could come into *possession* of our *rights*, we *must* obtain possession of the polls. Thus we agree to the end of the chapter, or, rather, to the beginning of the *end;* for, when we have obtained possession of the Territorial Government, the voters and the non-voters (by which we mean those who have been from the beginning in favor of voting, and those who came into the measure of the eleventh or rather the *twelfth* hour) again take issue—the voters advising that we retain possession of the Territorial Government, until we are in possession of a State Government, recognised as valid by the Federal Government, (see resolutions passed at the Centropolis Convention, held in August, in confirmation of this statement;) the non-voters recommending that, should we acquire the control of the Legislature, we at once repeal the entire code, and adjourn *sine die*, and fall back upon the Topeka Government.

From this doctrine, no one had publicly dissented up to the time of the Grasshopper Falls Convention, who was known as a *Topeka* man, but *all such* had expressed themselves in favor of the doctrine alluded to above. Some still expressed themselves at the *last* Convention, held by the Free State party, as all had before done, in favor of making the question of throwing off the Territorial Government an issue in the recent election. Others thought it unwise to publicly state what they intended to do with the Government, in advance of getting control of it. You will see by this, that as the party were divided in their views with reference to the propriety of voting, so they are with regard to what shall be done with the Government, when once it is in our hands. As they have been brought to act harmoniously in the first instance, we doubt not they will be in the second. But this cannot be accomplished, without an effort on the part of those who recommend that the Government be held for our good until we have no further use for it, it being superseded by State Government. Should there, however, be no hope of success on the part of those desiring to throw off the Territorial Government, it may be quietly abandoned. We are not without hope that such will be the case.

We have already extended this letter to a much greater length than we supposed our physical strength would permit when we commenced it, and shall close by again thanking you for the efficient aid you have rendered the people of Kansas by the wisdom and prudence with which you have from time to time presented your views upon the policy best calculated to promote our welfare. When your Kansas correspondent entered into disputes here, which no reporter for Eastern journals should have taken part in, you at once refused to endorse his course. Had other influential journals have acted thus promptly and justly, they would have done what we at least hope they will do in future, should another attempt be made to induce them to become parties in a contest which, from the nature of the case, they cannot properly be.

All letters from correspondents in Kansas or journalists in the East, representing the state of affairs here worse than they actually are, are calculated to damage us in two ways at least: first, by preventing real *bona fide* settlers from making homes among us, they considering it unsafe to invest here; and, second, by inducing the worst class of people to come into our midst, they supposing our property and even our *lives* to be an easy prey to them. So in future we hope all will speak as favorably of us as *truth* will permit.

Yours, with highest regard,

ERASTUS HEATH.

CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENCE.

OHIO ELECTIONS, ETC.

To the Editor of the National Era:

You ask of me some account of the late political contest in Ohio, and the reason, if any can be found, for the unexpected results. I would comply with pleasure, could I honestly say that we had any such contest. The fact is, that we have been thrown into such unhappy confusion by events not legitimately connected with issues of a party political character, that it is impossible to say that we have solved any questions growing out of the principles or want of principle in either party. One fact alone stands prominently for recognition on all sides; and that is, that our high-toned, clear-headed statesman, Salmon P. Chase, is personally a popular man. And with this we are for the present enough content.

We began fairly. The issue was clearly made up. The Republican party nominated their ticket, and formally announced as a political platform, that Ohio should be saved from the pollution of Slavery; and that, with her sanction, the Territories should be preserved to free labor alone. On the other hand, the Buchaneers endorsed the Dred Scott decision at their nominating State Convention, and fearlessly announced themselves as followers of Douglas and the South. This latter Convention was under the control of what is known here as the Miami Tribe, much the braver, and if we may use the expression, the better part of this stupid and corrupt organization.

The issue, so made up, was not effected by the heavy defalcation of the late Democratic Treasurer, who notoriously used over half a million of the public money to further certain party designs in this State, from the fact that the Republican Treasurer, his successor and brother-in-law, had covered up the fraud until too late to punish the defaulter or recover the money.

Had we have gone to the country upon the questions thus agreed on, no one could doubt the verdict. The Buchaneers had from the start no reasonable prospect of success, nor, indeed, did they indulge in any such hope. Their nominating Convention was composed of contending factions, each bent only on the injury or destruction of the other. The friends of the Administration were under the leadership of Ranney and McDowell, while Payne, McLain, and Steadman, led the reckless horde of Pro Slavery Douglasites. The latter were victorious, and returned home congratulating each other that they had buried the affectionate office-seekers and friends of Mr. Buchanan. Under this state of fact, all that we had to fear was the overweening confidence of the Republicans.

For the first time in many years, we had but two parties in the field, for the Know Nothings were completely demoralized—to such an extent, indeed, that it was gravely announced that the great body of them would vote, as they eventually did, for the so-called Democratic ticket. It only needed this last inconsistency to put the finishing touch to this monstrous organization. It began its career in Ohio by bitter attacks upon the Democracy for having built up the foreign influence, and terminated its existence by a sale to the same party of all its lodges, dark lanterns, passwords, and grips, and opposition to the foreign influence. At the polls, we were treated to the strange sight of Patrick, the sturdy soldier of the Pope, voting the same ticket with the church-burning anti-Catholic Know Nothings.

The campaign, thus fairly opened, was thrown into confusion by our monetary revulsion. The feeling created by a general depreciation of miserable currency in the hands of our entire people, to say nothing of the distress arising from the loss of millions in railway and land speculations, was too much for an ordinary political contest. To understand this, it is necessary to know that in Ohio the Democracy has been the only party that ever clearly and fairly declared itself in favor of a gold and silver currency. In all the surrounding States, bank paper owes its existence to the fostering care of the Democratic party; but with us, Corry, Reemelin, Elwood Fisher, Johnston, and others, had at an early day so indoctrinated their party with sounder views, that it has always been in deadly opposition to bank monopolies and bank paper. Now, although the party, deserted by its better men, and entirely divested of all nerve or intellect, dare not assume the old ground of hard money, yet thousands from past associations voted the ticket, and actually now flatter themselves with the fond delusion that the incoming Legislature, with its Democratic majority, will take high ground upon the subject of the currency. I say fond delusion, for, happy as the Old Line Whigs, such as Charles Anderson, Durbin, Ward, Griger, and others, present leaders of the Democracy, have shown themselves in their easy change of opinion, it is expecting too much to suppose that they will let their hold go of bank vaults, and become fierce partisans of what they once termed the pot-metal currency.

Amid untoward events of this kind, the Republican leaders fought gallantly, but all in vain. On one side they encountered a deadly apathy, arising from past success in part, and in part from the fact that the greater number found or feared themselves to be on the brink of ruin—while on the other, a large class voted for Pro-Slavery Senators and Representatives, under the impression that old promises would prove good, and, under the rule of an ultra Democracy, a mismanaged banking system would be controlled, and a worthless currency swept out of existence. Add to this the fact, that the entire vote of the Know Nothings was cast with our opponents, and you can understand how it was we lost the Legislature, and elected our State ticket by so small a majority.

That, under the circumstances, our gallant leader, Salmon P. Chase, should come out triumphantly, is something to make a note of and rejoice over. That so able a statesman and so pure a man should be appreciated and sustained by the masses, is a fact cheering in itself, while we take his triumph as a pledge that our beautiful State is true to her birth, civilization, and generous impulses. The true estimates of a party may be made from the men it throws to the surface, and its strength tested by the capacity to bear defeat. In either point of view, we have every reason to be proud of our organization. They who speak of the dissolution of the Republican party, forget that we have grown up to what we are through defeat. That ignorance, cruelty, and narrow bigotry, should for a time prevail, bring no terrors to the true-hearted patriot. He only rejoices that ignorance, cruelty, and bigotry, have so small a majority, and he takes hope in its gradual decrease. His aspirations reach higher than such frail considerations. The clouds pass, but the stars remain. When the Republican party dissolve, truth, justice, wisdom, generous impulse, our high sense of fair play, indeed all which go to make up a man, will be without a political organization.

Indeed, our only wonder is, that this monstrous falsehood, once known as the Democratic party, should exhibit such tenacity of life. Fallen from its high estate, we wonder to see it crawl in its slimy rottenness; without an opinion one can dignify by the name of principle, or a feeling that honors humanity, its self-acknowledged destiny seems to be the recapture of a few miserable fugitives from Slavery, that its Southern masters may dignify it with the name of National Democracy.

It was laughable to hear in Ohio the small voice of Pugh, piping to his thin audience that the Republicans contemplated a repeal of all laws making a distinction on account of color; and notice the fear that fell upon his hearers. We were called to notice the fact that poor Cuff had so gained upon his oppressors, or that they had sunk so low that nothing but legal enactments of the most stringent character could preserve the distinction. The Democracy must be preserved, look you; and if necessary, laws shall be passed, declaring your Democrat more of a gentleman than Cuff—and be enforced, too. This was the only appeal made by the Democracy in the campaign.

PROCLAMATION OF GOVERNOR WALKER.

LECOMPTON, *October* 19, 1857.

To the People of Kansas:

By the 32d section of the organic act establishing this Territorial Government, it is provided, in reference to the election of a Delegate to Congress, that "the person having the greatest number of votes shall be declared by the Governor to be duly elected, and a certificate thereof shall be given accordingly."

By the 16th section of the act of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, entitled "An act to regulate elections," it is made the duty of the Secretary to examine the returns in the presence of the Governor, and to "give to the person having the highest number of votes in their respective districts certificates of their election to the Legislative Assembly."

Under these two provisions of the laws prevailing in this Territory, the recent general election has presented for the joint consideration of the Governor and Secretary a question of the gravest importance, not only to our own people, but also to those of the whole Union. This question arises upon the extraordinary returns made from the precinct of Oxford, in the county of Johnson. What purport to be the returns of the election held at that precinct on the 5th and 6th instant, have been received by the Secretary, containing sixteen hundred and twenty-eight names of pretended voters, or nearly one-half the number given in the whole Representative district. The disposition to be made of this supposed vote is rendered all-important by the fact that the political character of the Legislative Assembly will be controlled by the addition of three Councilmen and eight Representatives to the strength of one party or the other, according to the adoption or rejection of the returns in question.

In point of fact, it is well known that even the whole county of Johnson, comprising, as it does, part of an Indian reserve, which, upon examination of the law, we find is not yet subject to settlement or pre-emption, can give no such vote as that which is represented to have been polled at this inconsiderable precinct of Oxford. But while this unofficial knowledge, well established and universal as it may be, could not become the ground of decision and action upon election returns in themselves regular and authentic, the legitimate effect of an apparent enormity, such as that in question, would necessarily be to induce a close examination of the paper presented, and to require for its acceptance a perfect compliance with all the essential provisions of the law. Such an examination of this document, conscientiously and impartially made, has brought us to the conclusion that the returns from Oxford precinct in Johnson county must be wholly rejected, for the following reasons:

1st. It does not appear on the face of the document presented to us, or in any other manner, that the judges of election took the oath imperatively required by the statute, to secure the "impartial discharge of their duties according to law."

2d. It does not appear that the paper presented to us was one of the two original poll-books kept at the election, as required by law; but, on the contrary, it does appear, from unmistakable internal evidence, that the paper is either a copy of some other document, or has been made up for the occasion, and is not the genuine record of the votes taken at the election. The law requires one of the poll-books to be returned to the Secretary, the other to be deposited with the clerk of the board of commissioners of the proper county.

3d. As the vote of each elector was to be recorded for each one of twenty-two candidates, and in more than a hundred cases for twenty-five, and that by a *viva voce* vote, it was a physical impossibility that the number of votes pretended to have been taken on the second day, being more than fifteen hundred, with the name of the voter written, and each of twenty-two candidates properly designated, could have been taken and recorded within the time prescribed by law.

4th. It is an extraordinary fact, tending to throw distrust upon the whole proceeding, that of the sixteen hundred and twenty-eight votes, only one is given to the Delegate elect to Congress; and only one hundred and twenty-four are recorded as having been cast for the local candidates of the township.

Influenced by these considerations, and impressed with the great responsibility resting upon us in regard to the fairness of the election, and its freedom from all fraud susceptible of detection and prevention within the scope of our duties, we deemed it essential to truth and justice that we should ascertain every fact calculated to refute or confirm the conclusions derived from the face of the papers. Accordingly, we went to the precinct of Oxford, (which is a village with six houses, including stores, and without a tavern,) and ascertained from the citizens of that vicinity, and especially those of the handsome adjacent village of New Santa Fe, in Missouri, (separated only by a street, and containing about twenty houses,) that altogether not more than one-tenth the number of persons represented to have voted were present on the two days of the election; much the smaller number, not exceeding thirty or forty, being present on the last day, when more than fifteen hundred votes are represented as having been given. The people of Oxford, as well as those of the neighboring village of Santa Fe, were astounded at the magnitude of the returns; and all persons of all parties, in both places, treated the whole affair with derision or indignation, not having heard the alleged result until several days after it had occurred.

In the course of our journey to and from Oxford, we passed over much the larger part of the county of Johnson, and we became thoroughly satisfied that there is no population in the whole county, from which more than one-third the vote of that single precinct could have been given. We learn that some very few persons, having cabins on the reserve in Johnson county, and claiming a residence therein, though generally absent, had voted at some of the precincts in that county; but we are convinced that a very inconsiderable number, not reaching, we believe, one hundred of Missourians or any other persons having no admitted right to vote, did claim or attempt to exercise that right, anywhere within that county. The people of Missouri cannot be justly charged with any interference in the late election, nor are they in any degree complicated with the evidently fraudulent returns made from the precinct of Oxford. Those returns, beyond all doubt, are simulated and fictitious.

Under these circumstances, we do not feel embarrassed by any technical difficulty as to our right to go behind the returns. We hold the returns themselves to be defective in form and in substance, and therefore inadmissible. We go behind them, and inquire into the facts, only for the purpose of ascertaining whether, by these valid objections to the mere returns, our rejection of them will have the effect of defeating the will of the people, sought to be fairly expressed at the polls. In the event of such consequences, we might hesitate to reject a vote upon any defect of form, however essential in law. But, in the present case, we feel ourselves bound to adhere to the very letter of the law, in order to defeat a gross and palpable fraud. The consideration that our own party, by this decision, will lose the majority in the Legislative Assembly, does not make our duty in the premises less solemn and imperative. The elective franchise would be utterly valueless, and free government itself would receive a deadly blow, if so great an outrage as this could be shielded under the cover of mere forms and technicalities. We cannot consent, in any manner, to give the sanction of our respective official positions to such a transaction. Nor can we feel justified to relieve ourselves of the proper responsibility of our offices in a case where there is no valid return by submitting the question to the Legislative Assembly, and in that very act giving the parties that might claim to be chosen by this spurious vote the power to decide upon their own election.

In view of the condition of affairs in Kansas for several years past, of the efforts so long made to put in operation here a revolutionary Government, and of the fact that this effort was suspended under the belief that the political difficulties of this Territory might at length be fairly adjusted at the polls, if that adjustment should not be defeated and the people deprived of their rightful power under the laws of Congress, by fictitious returns of votes never given, it is our solemn conviction that the pacification of Kansas, through the exercise of the elective franchise, would become impracticable, and that civil war would immediately be recommenced in this Territory, extending, we fear, to adjacent States, and subjecting the Government of the Union to imminent peril.

Because, therefore, the paper now under examination is not one of the original poll-books by law required to be returned, and from the absence of the oath prescribed by the Territorial statutes for the judges of election, the returns being thus clearly invalid, and, as we believe, fictitious and simulated, we have, under the circumstances, no alternative but to reject the whole return from the Oxford precinct, and to give the certificates to those who appear to have been elected by virtue of the other regular returns.

R. J. WALKER,
Governor of Kansas Territory.
FRED. P. STANTON,
Secretary.

From Europe.

The Cunard steamship Persia, which sailed from Liverpool at 9 o'clock Saturday morning the 17th, arrived at New York at noon on Wednesday. She brings about 200 passengers, and £240,000, or about $1,250,000, in specie.

The Indian mails had arrived, and their advices are more cheerful although they add no news of importance. The accounts concur in pronouncing the prospects of the English better than ever before. Private letters confidentially state that the fall of Delhi will be announced by the next mail. The mutineers there are represented as nearly exhausted and fast leaving the city. A circular has been issued from the Colonial Office, addressed to the Governors of the various British Colonies, ordering them to look to the defence of their provinces, and not neglect a reasonable amount of warlike preparations.

The health of the King of Prussia remains in a critical condition. The Spanish Ministerial crisis has ended in the formation of a new Cabinet. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that President Buchanan has addressed to the American Ministers a confidential circular, declaring that the principles of international law shall be respected by our Government, and that all expeditions from the United States against other countries shall be prevented.

It is said that Prince Murat is Louis Napoleon's favorite for the future princeship of the Danubian principalities, and that Napoleon, with this end in view, took the prince to Stuttgard, introduced him to the czar, and also made him bearer of an autograph letter to the King of Prussia. It is also said, that as soon as the question of the principalities is disposed of, that of the Suez canal will be again officially presented to the examination of the Ottoman Porte. A letter in the Paris *Presse*, from Vienna, says the Russian Government has set apart 6,000,000 roubles for the reconstruction of Sebastopol, and that although the treaty of Paris forbids the building of fortifications, it is supposed that it may be easily evaded.

Later from Europe.

New York, Nov. 3.—The steamer Arago, from Havre and Southampton on the 20th ult., arrived here this forenoon, with £200,000 specie. Among her passengers are August Belmont, U. S. Minister to the Hague, Charles Loosely, Consul General from Austria, Colonel Fremont's family, Lorenzo Starr, bearer of dispatches from London, and Bishop Mainhalt, of New Orleans.

Still Later from Europe.

Quebec, Nov. 3.—The royal mail steamer Indian, from Liverpool on the 21st. ult., arrived here last night.

The Canadian arrived out at Liverpool on the 18th, and the Anglo-Saxon on the 20th.

The Bank of England has advanced its rates to 8 per cent.

The Bank of France had also advanced its rates one per cent.

The money pressure still continues.

From Kansas.

New York, Oct. 31.—Private dispatches from Lawrence say that Gov. Walker and Secretary Stanton had been obliged to leave Lecompton on account of the threats of the ultras, and are now at Benicia. Sheriff Walker, with his posse, is with the Governor. A special messenger had been sent for Col. Sumner's command. A document was circulating in Lawrence, inviting the Governor to come to that place, and pledging the protection of the citizens.

Washington, Oct. 31.—It is now ascertained, on specific inquiry, that the report last night prevalent in usually reliable and well-informed circles, of the intention on the part of the Administration to remove Governor Walker or Secretary Stanton, is without the least foundation, nor is there any reason to believe that either intends to resign. The last dates from either have only come down to the 10th of Oct.

Later from Kansas.

St. Louis, Nov. 3.—Advices from Lecompton of the 22d of October say that Governor Walker issued another proclamation, rejecting twelve hundred votes returned from McGee county, for the same reason as was given in relation to the Oxford precinct. The proclamation states, that neither in this case nor in the other has the Governor gone behind the returns. He disclaims all right to do so, but rejects the returns in consequence of fatal defects in the form of the returns.

Minnesota Election.

Buffalo, Nov. 1.—The St. Paul *Times* gives the majority for Ramsey, Republican, for Governor, at 612, and the *Minnestian* makes it 575. A number of the seats of the members of the Legislature will be contested.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Thirty slaves made their escape from Cambridge, Maryland, last week. This makes forty-four who have escaped within a fortnight.

The city of Washington was on Saturday night the scene of riot, bloodshed, and pillage. Hundreds of armed ruffians held possession of the streets, and fire-arms were heard in various quarters. It is difficult to learn the particular deeds of the night, or the persons by whom they were enacted; for the ruffians operate in clans, and these clans are protected and fostered in their organized capacity by the city corporation itself.

From 8 o'clock Sunday morning until late at night, that portion of the city north and north-west of the Capitol was the scene of most disgraceful and riotous conduct. The locality selected was within a space of a half dozen squares around the new buildings erected by the Hon. Mr. Rice, Judge Douglas, and Vice President Breckinridge.

On the Saturday night previous, small parties of vagabond negroes—boys from ten years old and upwards, and men in flash apparel, wearing caps and illustrated vests—assembled around different corners, and amused their leisure by firing pistols at tree-boxes, and insulting persons passing. The report of fire-arms was of constant occurrence, and, to avoid the random shots, houses were generally closed.

These proceedings were only preliminary to the grand saturnalia of blackguardism which reigned during the whole of the ensuing Sabbath. Early in the morning, the vagabond hordes assembled in full force between Second, Third, and I streets, and inaugurated the day's proceedings by impudent staring at luckless servant girls, whose duties called them from the shelter of their homes. Gentlemen and ladies going to church were greeted with language too obscene for repetition. When such demonstrations failed to attract notice, the unwashed vagabonds would dance around the persons intended to be insulted, frequently jostling them from the sidewalks.—*States, Adm. print.*

The amount of specie brought from Europe, Cuba, Mexico, and California, to New York, St. Louis, and New Orleans, during October, is set down at $7,451,195. The New York *Herald*, in stating this fact, adds:

"To this sum should be added certificates of deposit received by the Persia to the amount of over a million of dollars, which certificates are as good as, and in a more convenient form than specie itself, because remittances to England can be made by means of them. Out of these monthly cash receipts of seven and a half millions of dollars we have not actually sent out of the country more than a mere trifle—say two or three hundred thousand dollars—so that the 1st of November sees it richer by at least seven millions of dollars in specie than we were on the 1st of October. This may seem extraordinary, in view of the depression in trade, but the fact is nevertheless so. Though times are hard, specie is plenty."

A few days ago, the steamboat Southern Star was destroyed by fire at Mobile. Loss $18,000; insurance $10,000.

The Merrimac Manufacturing Company of Lowell, Mass., have reduced the wages of their operatives ten per cent.

Ice made on Thursday night of the thickness of a quarter of an inch in the suburbs of Boston.

Professor Marion was to ascend in a balloon from Hudson, N. Y., Saturday afternoon, and twenty or thirty women and children had collected to see the sight on top of a wooden awning, which gave way, and precipitated them to the ground with some severe injuries. Among them were Miss Louisa Marshall, skull fractured; Miss Mary Hicks, leg broken; Miss Hadrick, badly bruised; a son of Mr. S. Waterman, slightly bruised. Some of those standing underneath were also badly hurt; among those were A. Van Rensselear, back injured; Mrs. J. C. Evarts, bruised.

Mr. John Cone, who resides near Haddam, Conn., appeared at the counter of the Middletown Bank some days since, with $1,000 of its bills, demanded the specie, and got it. The profit of the bank in the transaction was clear two hundred per cent.—two thousand dollars. The bills were paid to John in 1835, and he carefully wrapped them in a napkin, where they have remained ever since. He returned them to the bank pinned up in the same slips that he received, with the same marks. The savings bank interest would have been nearly $2,000.

A stout, hearty negro, who made his escape from Slavery some six years ago, was not satisfied with letting "well enough alone," but must needs engage in running off the "property" of his late master at every opportunity. The gentleman, who lived in the vicinity of Lexington, had long suspected "Ben" of interfering with his goods and chattels, and last week, discovering certain suspicious movements in a house servant, concluded that he was about to take passage on the "underground railroad."

He therefore watched him closely, and found his suspicions correct, and calling in the aid of two or three friends, followed the negro in his flight, without arresting him, his object being to get hold of his old slave, who was causing him so much trouble. He was satisfied Ben would meet the fugitive on the Kentucky side of the river; and sure enough, on Friday evening last, by keeping close watch upon the fleeing negro, they were carried directly to where Ben lay in wait for his passenger. Those in pursuit immediately pounced upon the old fugitive, leaving the new runaway to take care of himself.

Ben fought with the desperation of a man who had once tasted the sweets of liberty, after having spent half a life in Slavery, and it was not until he had been several times brought to the ground with a stick, and his head severely cut and bruised, that he yielded to his captors, and allowed himself to be bound and conveyed to Covington jail. A physician was called, and the wounds on his head dressed, and on Saturday he was handed over to his former master, and carried back into Slavery. Ben is not the only man who has got himself into trouble by trying to aid a friend.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The exhibit of naval appropriations for the month of October show amount drawn from the Treasury on navy account in the month, including $111,250 paid Collins's line for mail service, and transfers in settlement

of accounts - - - -	$1,633,320.58
Deduct transfers and repayments	155,820.22
Net amount drawn - - -	$1,477,500.30

Of this sum, there was remitted to Boston $420,769; of which $200,000 was for transmission in drafts to London, and to New York $399,650.16; the balance to different stations within the United States. This does not look much like the stoppage of work at the navy yards.—*States.*

Some of the New York railroads have adopted a measure that will add considerably to the price of beef in New York. They have increased the price of freight upon cattle equivalent to $5 a head from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky, on the average, to go into operation on the 1st of November. This will add $5 to every bullock now in pasture, and it will add about three-quarters of a cent a pound to the cost of beef delivered from the West to the consumers in New York. The drovers are very wrathful, and they are endeavoring to make an arrangement to throw all their freight upon a single railroad line, to punish the others.

It is stated that active preparations are being made, with the view of laying the Atlantic submarine cable next summer, the month of June having been selected as the most favorable for the work. The company have ordered the manufacture of four hundred additional miles, which will be ready for shipment, if necessary, in January, with the understanding that if they should not succeed in their attempt to recover the three hundred and forty miles now submerged, they are to have as much additional cable made within twenty-eight days as may be considered necessary to supply the deficiency.

Governor Grimes, of Iowa, has appointed Nov. 26th as a day of general Thanksgiving in that State. New York, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, have appointed the same day. The Governor of Maine has appointed the 19th.

The wholesale dealers in silk and millinery goods in Boston have come to an agreement not to give more than four months credit. There seems to be a general disposition in trade to shorten credit and get nearer the cash system, the only safe system for business.

Silver coinage for Canada is in course of preparation. The Montreal papers announce that the Government has engaged Mr. Wyon, the celebrated designer of the Royal Mint, to make designs for a Canadian silver coinage, which will be required on the adoption of the dollar and cent system on the first of January next. The obverse of the coin is to be the Queen's portrait, and the reverse a wreath of maple, with the value of the coin in the centre.

The New York *Tribune* states that the Hon. Gerrit Smith is lying very ill with neuralgia and typhus fever, at the house of his nephew, the Hon. John Cochrane, in that city.

At Miss Cushman's last benefit in New York, Miss Harriet Hosmer, the eccentric Yankee sculptor, figured on the stage in the play of Guy Mannering, as one of the gipsies.

Col. Fuller, ("Belle Britain,") who has owned and edited the New York *Mirror* for the last fourteen years, has disposed of his interest in that journal.

Hon. J. F. Farnsworth, member of Congress elect from Chicago, who was reported to be dying, is now believed to be in a fair way of recovery.

Charles F. Woodbury, Esq., U. S. District Attorney for the district of Massachusetts, is among the distinguished strangers now here. He is the guest of his brother-in-law, Judge Montgomery Blair.

The Syracuse *Courier* says the salt interest is greatly depressed. A comparative small portion of this season's yield has been shipped, and manufacturers generally are in straitened circumstances.

The Waterbury (Conn.) factories, with the exception of the American Pin Company and the establishment of Brown Brothers, have stopped all business. Hundreds of men and women are in consequence thrown out of work. Brown Brothers furnish their workmen with provisions and fuel at wholesale prices. A considerate and generous course.

In Norfolk, Conn., the Empire Company and the Hosiery Company continue work, while the Woollen Company and the Welaka Company have stopped work. The Norfolk Bank still pays specie.

The *Press* says that thirty-one Irishmen left Hartford one day last week, on their return to Ireland to live, thinking their chances better in the old country than in the new.

The Housatonic *Republican* says that the Iron Works of Falls Village and Salisbury are not in full work, and that the prospect is, they will do less rather than more.

The Philadelphia *Sun* has fully espoused the Republican cause, and wedded with the *Daily Times* of that city—the two papers becoming one—which will give the Republicans of that city an active, zealous organ. The *North American* is moderately Republican, but rigidly conservative, being the organ of the wholesale and shipping interest. The *Enquirer* is independent, with Republican sympathies.

The sloop of war Plymouth, Commander Dahlgreen, sailed from Southampton on the 4th instant, for New York.

Henry Floyd, a printer in the office of the *Savannah Georgian*, has fallen heir to a fortune of $300,000 in England.

The official advices from the Utah expedition show that only fifteen hundred troops will visit the Salt Lake City this fall and winter, and that the Mormons are in bad temper, and can, if they please, prevent the troops from entering their city, by giving it to the flames, in anticipation of its occupation. It is not at all probable that they will execute their rash threats. The case calls, however, for much discretion and prudence, as well as firmness, on the part of the United States civil and military authorities, who have been dispatched to the Territory.

Crawford, the sculptor, leaves a wife (daughter of Samuel Wood, the eminent New York banker) and four children. A relative of the deceased writes home that Mr. Crawford's death took place at a quarter past six o'clock on the morning of Saturday, Oct. 10, just as day was dawning. The funeral service took place on the following Sunday evening. The body will be sent home by the steamship Arago or the one immediately succeeding her.

Miss Hosmer, the sculptress, who left for Havre on Saturday, has many orders for specimens of her art.

Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, was lately married to Miss Harriet H. Pumpelly, of Oswego, New York.

William L. Jackson, Esq., of Parkersburg, has been appointed Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, James L. Carr, Esq., of Kanawha, having declined the office.

Miss Juliana May has determined to proceed on a Southern tour during the winter, and postpone her debut in opera until the spring. Her next concert will be in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Terhune, "Marion Harland," has given to the world another production. We haven't heard its title yet. It weighs about seven pounds, and has blue eyes and light hair.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Mortimer M. Thompson, (alias "Doesticks,") editor of the New York *Picayune*, and theatrical critic of the New York *Tribune*, was married on Friday evening, at New Haven, to Miss Anna H. Van Cleve, of Minnesota.

Mrs. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, so long known in the fashionable world, whose wealth, whose parties, and whose jewels, have created their share of sensation for years past in that city, died on Friday, at Saratoga, after a lingering illness.

Alexander Veal has been sentenced to eighteen years in the penitentiary, for the murder of Robert S. Saunders, in Loudon county, Va.

The late vote in Kansas will range between fifteen and twenty thousand. This indicates a population bordering closely upon one hundred thousand.

It is folly to suffer from a protracted cough, when relief may be so easily obtained. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is undoubtedly the most reliable of all preparations offered for the cure of throat and lung complaints. 36

OBITUARY.

Died of paralysis, on the 21st inst., at his residence, Fairmount, Ohio, JACOB HARRIS, aged 78 years. The subject of this obituary, without making any pretension to unusual sanctity, endeavored to *practice* the precepts of Christianity. He was opposed to war and the taking of human life, and, believing the enforcement of all legal enactments to be based upon the use of the sword, he had not, for that reason, voted for the last thirty years. He was opposed to oppression, and on that account he had abstained from the use of the products of slave labor, as far as practicable, for many years. He was a zealous advocate of the Temperance cause. He aimed to be just in his dealings, having frequently refused to take, though it was offered, more for an article than he thought it was really worth.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, November 3, 1857.

Flour, Howard Street	$5.25	@	5.50
Flour, City Mills	5.25	@	5.50
Rye Flour	4.50	@	4.62
Corn Meal	3.50	@	3.75
Wheat, white	1.18	@	1.25
Wheat, red	1.06	@	1.12
Corn, white	73	@	76
Corn, yellow	73	@	75
Rye, Pennsylvania	70	@	75
Rye, Virginia	60	@	63
Oats, Maryland and Virginia	28	@	30
Oats, Pennsylvania	31	@	34
Clover Seed	5.25	@	6.00
Timothy Seed	2.25	@	2.50
Hay, Timothy	15.00	@	20.00
Hops	7	@	14
Potatoes, Mercer	1.30	@	1.40
Bacon, Shoulders	12½	@	00
Bacon, Sides	13½	@	14
Bacon, Hams	14½	@	15
Pork, Mess	21.50	@	22.00
Pork, Prime	18.00	@	18.50
Beef, Mess	17.00	@	20.00
Lard, in barrels	13	@	14
Lard, in kegs	00	@	00
Wool, Unwashed	00	@	00
Wool, Washed	00	@	00
Wool, Pulled	00	@	00
Wool, Fleece, common	00	@	00
Wool, Fleece, fine	00	@	00
Wool, Choice Merino	00	@	00
Butter, Western, in kegs	12½	@	14
Butter, Roll	18	@	21
Cheese	9½	@	10
Coffee, Rio	10	@	11
Coffee, Java	16	@	17

NEW YORK MARKET.

Carefully prepared to Tuesday, November 3, 1857.

Flour, State brands	$4.80	@	4.95
Flour, State brands, extra	5.05	@	5.25
Flour, Western	4.80	@	4.95
Flour, Southern	5.25	@	5.40
Rye Flour	3.25	@	4.60
Corn Meal	3.25	@	3.75
Wheat, white	1.40	@	1.45
Wheat, red	1.25	@	1.30
Corn, white	75	@	77
Corn, yellow	75	@	77
Rye	75	@	80
Oats	40	@	45
Clover Seed	11.00	@	12.00
Timothy Seed	3.50	@	3.75
Hay	55	@	65
Hops	6	@	8
Bacon, Shoulders	9¾	@	00
Bacon, Sides	10	@	00
Bacon, Hams	10½	@	10¾
Pork, Mess	20.50	@	21.00
Pork, Prime	16.00	@	16.25
Beef	12.00	@	12.50
Lard, in barrels	10½	@	12½
Lard, in kegs	13	@	00
Butter, Western	12½	@	18
Butter, State	16	@	22
Cheese	6	@	8½
Coffee, Rio	10½	@	11
Coffee, Java	16½	@	00
Wool, Unwashed	00	@	00
Wool, Washed	00	@	00
Wool, Pulled	00	@	00
Wool, Fleece, common	00	@	00
Wool, Fleece, fine	00	@	00
Iron, Scotch, Pig	28.00	@	28.50
Lime, Rockland	1.00	@	0.00
Lime, common	62	@	00

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From the Editor of the New York Mirror, Aug. 9:

"About four weeks since, one of the compositors of this office was suffering so badly from a cough, that he was unable to sleep nights, and too weak to stand at his case. He became very pale and thin, and gave symptoms of falling a victim to quick consumption. We recommended to him various medicines, which had no effect. Finally, we gave him one bottle of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*. It afforded him immediate relief, and he is now a well man, and not the slightest symptom of a cough. These are facts, and further particulars may be learned at this office. We should add, that the cough in the above case was accompanied by profuse spitting of blood."

☞ None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. 36

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

Washington, D. C.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR;
JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

PROSPECTUS OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME,
BEGINNING JANUARY 1, 1858.

The *National Era* is an uncompromising opponent of Slavery and the Slave Power; an advocate of personal, civil, and religious liberty, without regard to race or creed; a foe to all secret combinations to control the Ballot-Box, whether under the direction of priests or laymen, and to all measures directly or indirectly countenancing proscription on account of birth-place or religion; a friend of Temperance, the Homestead, and all reforms calculated to secure to Labor its just consideration, recompense, and political weight, and to Trade, its Natural Freedom, in virtue of which every man has a right to buy and sell in whatever market he pleases.

It regards Slavery, and the issues involved in it, as forming the great Political Question of the Day; taking the ground, that Slavery, from its necessities, instincts, and habits, is perpetually antagonistic to Freedom and Free Labor, and unchangeably aggressive; that its workings can be counteracted only by a permanent system of measures; and it therefore has supported, and will continue to support, the Republican Party, so long as it shall be true to Freedom, holding itself, however, perfectly independent, at liberty to approve or condemn whatever may accord or conflict with its oft-avowed principles.

It presents weekly a summary of General News and Political Intelligence, keeps a record of the Proceedings of Congress, and is the repository of a large portion of the most important speeches delivered in that body.

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My subscribers have stood by the *Era* handsomely. No paper can boast warmer or more steadfast friends. They have not forgotten that, whatever the claims and merits of other papers, the *Era*, in the face of imminent perils, was the pioneer to Freedom of the Press in this slaveholding District, and has been for eleven years the only journal at the seat of the Federal Government, representing the sentiments of the Free States on the great Question of the Country, the only journal through which their loyal representatives in Congress could find voice and vindication. They have not forgotten, nor will they forget, that while papers engaged in the same Cause elsewhere, have strong local interests to rely upon, and the papers printed here, opposed to our Cause, thrive through the patronage of the Federal Government, the *Era* is uniformly proscribed by that Government, and its legal right to official advertisements denied, while, so far from having the support, it is constantly subjected to the opposition, of strong local interests; so that its only dependence is upon those enlightened friends of Freedom, all over the country, who appreciate the necessity of maintaining such a sentinel on the outpost of Freedom.

G. BAILEY.

Washington, D. C., November 1, 1857.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

From the Charlottesville Jeffersonian, Oct. 21.

LETTER FROM HON. R. M. T. HUNTER.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, *Oct.* 20, 1857.

To the Editor of the Jeffersonian:

DEAR SIR: I received last night the enclosed letter from Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, which I ask you to publish. I kept no copy of my letter to Mr. Hunter, to which his is a reply. The interrogatories propounded will be readily gathered from the answers.

I have only to say that I never doubted, myself, Mr. Hunter's attachment to the principles of the Democratic party of Virginia, or his friendship for Mr. Buchanan's Administration; and it was no distrust on my part that led me to address him with a view to elicit his views for publication.

I never doubted that Mr. Hunter condemned the course of Governor Walker in Kansas, and I have been (and am now) equally confident that nine-tenths of the Virginia Democracy concurred in that condemnation. At the same time, I have never believed that either he or they had the slightest idea of making war upon Mr. Buchanan, on that or any other *probable* ground.

Very hastily, your friend, S. F. LEAKE.

LLOYD'S, ESSEX COUNTY, VA., *October* 16, 1857.

DEAR SIR: I received on yesterday your letter propounding to me certain interrogatories, to which, without further delay, I proceed to reply. They are in substance nearly the same with the questions upon which the *Enquirer* for some time past has been demanding my answers. But to these last I have not replied, because they were either accompanied with threats, or what were so considered, which made an answer on my part inconsistent with self-respect, or else they were founded upon my presumed responsibility for which the editorials of certain newspapers within and without the State of Virginia, which were not only not authorized to speak for me, but which claimed no such authority. I was to be held responsible for the course of newspapers unless I came before the public with a criticism of their course and a disclaimer of all sympathy with them—a responsibility which I shall never acknowledge, expressly or impliedly, by any act of mine. To admit such a responsibility would place it in the power of any third person who chose to impute to me a sympathy with the course of any newspaper, within or without the State, to call me out in a public criticism of its course upon any question of morals or politics which might be in discussion, or else fix upon me the charge of concurring in the views of that paper. No power could force upon me the office of censor of the public press. I certainly shall not assume it voluntarily. When any paper claims authority to speak for me, then it may be the time to question me in regard to it, but not before.

But to proceed with the answers to your interrogatories. I have to say, first, that the imputation of hostility, on my part, towards the administration of Mr. Buchanan, is founded upon nothing that I have either said or done. I voted for him as President, and not only entertain no feeling of hostility towards him, but I wish him success. He has only to carry out the principles of the Democratic party, as we understand them in Virginia, to command my cordial support. These, so far as applicable, will afford the test by which I shall judge his administration, and support or oppose its acts as they conform to or depart from these principles. Nor shall I be disposed to apply that test in any captious or unkind spirit, but as justly and fairly as I can. More I could not say for any administration or man. I never would commit myself to support unconditionally the future acts of any man, but I will judge them as they arise, to sustain them when I believe they are right, and to oppose them when I think they are wrong. My opinions upon all the great political issues may be known through my votes and speeches to those who feel enough of interest in them to look at my past course; and these will afford the best evidence of the tests which I shall be likely to apply in judging of the conduct of public affairs. Whilst I remain in the Senate of the United States, I shall stand there as the representative of the principles and interests of my State, so far as I can understand them, and in pursuit of these objects I should not scruple to differ, if necessary, with any administration. In saying this, it may be perhaps fair to add, that I hope and expect to be able to support Mr. Buchanan's administration in the main. Entire concurrence in the views of any man, it would be too much to hope or expect.

In answer to the other interrogatory which you propose, as to the conduct of Gov. Walker in Kansas, I have little hesitation in saying that I disapprove it. The Kansas-Nebraska act was passed under the hope that this, the last of the Territorial questions involving the subject of Slavery, might be settled upon some common ground, where a party could be rallied from the North and South, the East and West, strong enough to defend the Constitution against the assaults of its enemies, and to administer the Government justly, upon other than purely sectional ideas. To rally a party which might be able to maintain the Union upon constitutional principles, was an object of high political importance, and justified some sacrifice of feeling, and even of interest. Accordingly, the bill was not such as would have been framed by delegates of either section, if it had been submitted to them alone. Many, perhaps most of the Southern men, (of whom I was one,) believed that property in slaves was as much entitled to the protection of law in the Territories of the United States as property in anything else; but whilst the Northern friends of the Kansas act would not concede this, they agree to unite in repealing the Missouri restriction, so as to remove the ban under which the domestic institutions of the South have been placed by Federal legislation. Accordingly, a bill was passed upon the principle of non-intervention in regard to Slavery, so far as the General Government was concerned, and which left that whole subject within the control of the people of these Territories, when they should apply for admission as States. This, although not all we thought the South entitled to, was a great advance upon the old order of things, so far as she was concerned, because it removed an unjust and odious discrimination against her domestic institutions from the statute book—a moral triumph, which was of vast importance to the South and to the institution of Slavery itself.

Nor could the North object to a bill which merely carried out a principle by which it had so recently gained so largely in the series of acts denominated as the Compromise measure. To all it ought to have been a subject of congratulation, that a common ground had been found, where a party might be rallied from all sections of the country, to administer the Government justly, and without sacrificing the constitutional rights of any portion of the Union. The sole hope of accomplishing so happy a result depended upon submitting this question of Slavery to the people of these Territories, when they came to form their Constitutions as States, without interference of any sort on the part of the General Government. With the decision of the people themselves, so far as the character of the new States was concerned, the Democratic party of all sections declared they would be satisfied. To fulfill, then, the conditions of this agreement, it was all-important that there should be no interference on the part of the General Government, either through its Legislative or Executive influence. Any such interference was calculated to dissatisfy the one section or the other. Under such circumstances it was, in my opinion, improper for the highest Executive officer in the Territory, the Governor of Kansas, to attempt to influence the decision of the people of the Territory upon this question of Slavery. Such an interference on the part of any branch of the Federal Government was inconsistent with the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska act. Neither do I recognise his authority to declare that "if they (the Convention) do not appoint a fair and impartial mode by which a majority of the actual *bona fide* resident settlers of Kansas shall vote, through the instrumentality of impartial judges, I will join you in all lawful opposition to their doings, and the President and Congress will reject their Constitution."

If the Convention itself was legally constituted and elected, the question of submitting their work to the people for ratification was one of which that body had jurisdiction alone, unless, indeed, the act which called them into being had required a final ratification by the people. The practice of States applying for admission, as I understand, has been in both ways. Nor has the power of the Convention to determine this question for itself ever been controverted heretofore, so far as I am informed. The Convention of Kansas, if legally constituted, has all the powers of any other Convention to form a State Constitution; and if Congress can limit this power in one respect, it may in all. If Congress can reject a State Constitution for the manner in which the Convention has exercised its undoubted powers, why not for the manner also of that Constitution, even though it may be republican in its form of Government? Or if the Governor of a Territory may attempt to overawe a Convention of its people in the exercise of its powers in one respect, why not in another? With regard to the abstract propriety of the particular recommendations of Gov. Walker, I do not feel called upon to speak. That is a matter for the decision of the Convention itself, with which I ought not to interfere. The abstract propriety of these recommendations depends upon circumstances, of which the people of Kansas, through their Conventions, are the best judges. To them I leave it, as their own affair. As to which course would conduce most to their peace and a fair settlement of the question, I should require a greater knowledge of the actual state of affairs in that Territory, to enable me to decide.

With these answers to your interrogatories, I might here close this letter, except that I infer you desire to know how far my opinion in regard Governor Walker's conduct may affect my course towards the Admini tration. What are the precise views of the President upon these questions I know not; I await their development in the regular course. But should he differ with me upon these matters, I do not see how any practical issue can arise between him and those of his friends who entertain other opinions in regard to Governor Walker's course. I say, I do not see how any practical issue could arise out of this matter between the President and those who might differ with him in regard to these things, because I do not believe, for a moment, that he would aid in an attempt to reject the State, if Kansas should apply for admission, merely because its Convention did not choose to submit the Constitution to the people for ratification. Upon such a question as this, in regard to the right of Congress to limit the power of a people to form their State Constitution according to their own pleasure, provided it be republican in its character, I should think there could be no division of opinion amongst the members of the Democratic party, in any section of the Union. There could not be, if they remain true to what I understand to be their profession of faith. To establish the great principles of the equal rights of the States to the enjoyment of the Territories of the United States, which no act of Federal legislation can constitutionally abridge or destroy, or of the people of each State to determine the character of their own domestic institutions, without prejudice to their claim of admission into the Union, the Democratic party has submitted to losses and sacrifices which could only have been justified by the successful accomplishment of a great object. To obtain a common ground upon which all might rally for the defence of the Constitution and the peace of the country against the enemies of both, did constitute such an object.

And now that the position has been conquered, after so arduous a struggle, who supposes that the Democratic party would volunteer a retrograde movement, and renounce the fruits of a hard-won victory? To abandon either of these positions now, by a retrograde movement, would be an act of *felo de se* in the party; and not merely a folly, but a crime, for which posterity would never forgive it. For these reasons, I do not believe that the Democratic party, or the President whom it has chosen, will aid in any attempt to restrict the power of the people of Kansas, acting through their Convention, to form a Constitution according to their own pleasure, both in manner and substance, provided it be republican in its character.

Having now answered fully your interrogatories, I need proceed no further; but, as you are kind enough to say that you questioned me not because you doubted me yourself, but to save me from misconstruction by others, I feel that I ought not to conclude without thanking you for your generous motives. To those who are disposed to misconstrue me, I have only to say, that if the past course of one who has served the State in a public capacity so long as I have affords no sufficient guarantee as to his future conduct, it is idle to seek for further security in professions of faith. My past course affords the best evidence of my principles of public action, and these are the tests by which, as an honest man, I am bound to judge every Administration. If, therefore, I should differ from an Administration because it dissented from these principles, I should be blamed, if blamable at all, not for the act of differing with the President, but because of the false principles by which I am to judge him; so that it is by these that I am to be tried, after all.

It is true, that when new questions arise, one may be fairly and properly questioned as to his opinions. But what is there new here? The principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act, by which I have been just testing Gov. Walker's conduct, and the right of the people, acting through their Convention, to form a Constitution of republican character, according to their own pleasure, without prejudice to their claim of admission as a State in the Union, have all been discussed heretofore, by myself and others, far more fully than would be consistent with the limits of this letter. Nor have I expressed any opinion here in regard to those questions to which I have not been committed long since. If, then, I repeat sentiments which I have before declared, you will excuse me, as I do it in deference to your request.

Very respectfully and truly, yours,
R. M. T. HUNTER.

To the Hon. Shelton F. Leake.

From the Leavenworth (Kansas) Times, Oct. 17.

THE VICTORY!

Marcus J. Parrott is elected to Congress, and the Free State Party have a Majority in both Houses of the Legislature.

We say this is the result, pre-supposing that the bogus returns from the Oxford precinct in Johnson county are to be thrown out. Some particulars about these returns may not be uninteresting. It seems that at the close of the polls on the first day, every vote—less than one hundred in all—had been cast that could possibly be secured. The polls were then declared closed, and nothing more was heard from, till the whole Territory was startled by the report that Oxford precinct had returned 1,700 Pro-Slavery majority. On the reception of this interesting intelligence, a body of twenty-five men from Lawrence visited the interesting locality, to inquire into the matter. To their astonishment, they were unable to glean any information. The settlers had heard nothing of this pretended election on the second day; no polls had been opened, and no vote cast. The gigantic fraud was then revealed. The returns sent to Lecompton had been manufactured, wholesale, at Westport, Missouri, which is in the immediate vicinity of Oxford. The perjured scoundrels of that vile Border Ruffian hole had concocted the devilish plot of coining false returns, that they might disfranchise the honest voters of Kansas, and secure another bogus Legislature, similar to those which have disgraced the past. But they have carried the thing too far. In their hot zeal, they made a botch of the whole matter. The villainy was too transparent—the outrage too palpable. The Westport scoundrels overdid the thing, and are now left in the lurch.

Secretary Stanton and R. J. Walker, Administration Governor of Kansas, started from Lecompton on Monday, for Oxford, to investigate the fraud. Mr. Stanton said he "*knew the returns were basely fraudulent*"—that "*this fact was too patent to admit of doubt,*" and that he "*should never give a certificate of election to any one on the strength of illegal votes.*" This sounds manly in the Secretary, and if he has the back-bone to sustain his present determination, all will be well. Upon the result of his investigation and subsequent decision, a vast deal depends; the fate of three Councilmen and eight Representatives is to be decided—enough to change the character of the Council, and seriously affect the *bona fide* majority in the House. Of course we are unable to predict, with accuracy, what decision will be rendered; yet, from all we can learn, we feel confident that the returns will be rejected, and that certificates will be given to the Free State candidates, who were honestly elected by a large and decided majority.

If this is done, we shall have a majority of SEVENTEEN in the House and FIVE in the Council, and Parrott's majority will be considerably over 5,000! If the returns are received, we shall still have a majority in the House, and secure the election of our Delegate to Congress.

So stands the matter now. Fairly and honestly are the Free State men entitled to a large majority in both Houses. In fact, by right, throwing out the fraudulent Kickapoo returns, the Pro-Slavery party have carried but one county, so far as we have heard.

Marcus J. Parrott was offered his certificate of election by Mr. Walker, but refused, on the ground that he was in no hurry, and that he would wait until some disposition was made of the Oxford frauds. Epaphroditus has retired in disgust, to enjoy the sweets of private life and domestic felicity. The Pro-Slavery men, in the interior, give up the contest, and acknowledge themselves defeated. Almost everything now depends upon the result of Messrs. Walker and Stanton's visit to Oxford. If the Governor does his duty in this instance, it will go far towards redeeming his character from the stain of infamy acquired at Kickapoo. If, on the contrary, in an evil hour, the false returns are received, and certificates given to the Pro-Slavery candidates, we shall have revolution in Kansas. The people will not stand such an outrage.

But this we do not anticipate. We believe Secretary Stanton is anxious and determined to do right, and that he will dispose of the bogus returns with promptness and alacrity. He stands solemnly pledged to this, and we confidently expect him to redeem his pledge.

And it is because we so believe, that we now express our perfect confidence in the complete triumph of our party.

But let us wait calmly for full and definite returns. Let us restrain our joy and enthusiasm till the matter is settled and all doubt removed.

The bright sunlight of a new era floods our beautiful Kansas, and, in the success of the Free State party a whole race of freemen lift up their voice in songs of joy and gladness.

From the Boston Daily Evening Traveller.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

Until very recently, the popular notion of Brazil has been something like that of the centre of Africa, or any other unexplored tropical region, of which it was supposed we had no more definite knowledge than of Milton's Taprobane or Campanella's *Civitas Solis*; Mississippian rivers, virgin forests, palm-trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, monkeys and parrots, revolutions and earthquakes, mingling in about equal proportion. The recent paragraphs in the papers, hinting that it was under consideration to lay a telegraph, if possible, from the Old World to Brazil, slight as they are, have had some effect in unsettling these indistinct conceptions. Telegraph cables imply a very productive, industrious, and opulent past—full of steam engines, machinery, printing presses, and all the paraphernalia of an advanced civilization. Lieut. Maury's reports, recent Congressional documents, Lieut. Page's explorations and occasional sketches and itineraries, such as Com. Stewart's, or Commissioner Ewbank's, have also had some effect in displacing the old notions. The historical and descriptive sketches of *Brazil and the Brazilians*, by the Revds. D. P. Kidder, D. D., and J. C. Fletcher, (published by Phillips, Sampson, & Co.,) will complete the business, and substitute accurate, well-defined, and comprehensive views, for what have hitherto been erroneous, inaccurate, and vague.

Before noting a few of the main features of this vast country and its inhabitants, we would notice with commendation the excellent style in which the book is produced, its fine maps and engravings, its copious appendices, its completeness in matters of fact, history, or description, its captivating style, all uniting to make it a worthy successor to Kane's Arctic Expedition—the best book of travels published in the last half century.

Brazil occupies in the Southern Hemisphere a territory of greater area than that occupied by the United States on the Northern. It has a population of about seven and a half millions, who constitute by far the most progressive people south of the Equator, and, as the descendants of the Portuguese, hold the same relative position in South America as the descendants of the English in the northern half of the New World. Its Government is a stable constitutional monarchy, and its sovereign, Don Pedro II, who unites the blood of the Braganzas, the Bourbons, and the Hapsburghs, is one of the best sovereigns now sitting upon a throne—a Saul in size, with brains to match. His capital city, Rio de Janeiro, shut in by a circle of Helvetian mountains, is on a magnificent bay, worthy to be classed with the Bay of Naples and the Golden Horn, and has a climate of perpetual summer, albeit its name, (River of January,) though a misnomer, suggests to our northern ears scenes of arctic sterility rather than of tropic abundance.

Following our trusty guides, we enter, through a gigantic avenue of mountains and palm-covered isles, the superb bay, upon whose shores sits the queenly metropolis of Brazil. On either side of the contracted entrance, as far as the eye can reach, stretch away the mountains, whose huge and fantastic shapes recall the glories of Alpland. Far through the opening, tower up the Organ Mountains. Peculiar bright-leaved woods cover the shores, with here and there the purple-blooming quaresma-tree, and the snake-like cacti and rich flowering parasites hang down even from the jagged and precipitous sides of the Sugar Loaf. The white walls of the Santa Cruz Fortress lift themselves at the right, and far to the left, though nearer to the city, is the fortress of St. John, bright amid the surrounding verdure. A fleet of canoes and market-boats, manned by half-clad blacks, are near by; a miniature bay of Naples is set like a jewel between the smooth, white beach, and the broad circle of green around; little steamers and graceful feluccas are passing and repassing, and white sails dot the whole harbor; and now the vast city looms up, extending with its white suburbs for long miles on the irregular shore of the bay, running back almost to the foot of the distant mountains, and diversified by green hills, which seem to spring up from the most populous neighborhood.

Brilliancy and novelty do not end with the day. The night soon succeeds the short twilight of the tropics. Innumerable gas-lights line the immense borders of the city, and extend over the hills, like the fabled star-bridges of the Arabian Nights. New constellations are in the heavens. Orion is just visible in the northern sky, but the Great Bear and Cassiopeia are long since hidden. But in the southern sky we have instead the Southern Cross and the Magellan clouds. In short, all travellers who have seen Rio de Janeiro and the bay, unite in pronouncing it the finest bay in the world. The streets of the city are generally narrow, and rather poorly paved. Over the narrow cross streets, vehicles are directed by an index to pass only in one direction. Omnibuses run from the *Rua Direita* and the *Largo do Rocio* to every portion of the vast city and its suburbs. The houses seldom exceed three or four stories in height. Formerly, as in the good old days of Diedrich Knickerbocker, in New York, and before the Revolution, in Boston, the merchant of Rio de Janeiro would reside in the house over his store; but now, there, as here, the aspect of the commercial quarter is changed. The buildings are wholly given up to business, and at night and morning, crowded steamers, full omnibuses, and galloping horses, convey the merchants and clerks to their distant or suburban residences, in the same way that has now become so universal in Boston and New York. The crowds of the city have a variety of complexion and costume, and a diversity of habits and appearance, which even those of London cannot equal. Business hours are from 9 to 3. The Exchange contains a reading-room, supplied with Brazilian and foreign papers, and beneath its spacious porticoes the merchants of eight or nine different nations daily meet. The Custom-House is near by. The negro's head was formerly almost the only vehicle of transportation, but now carts and wagons are equally common, though not superseding the former in the moving of light burdens and furniture.

In regard to the politeness of the Brazilians, this may be said: no one enters or leaves an omnibus, without saluting the inmates, and having his salute acknowledged. On entering the Custom-House, the merchant removes his hat, and keeps it in his hand till passing out of the portico, treating the edifices of the Emperor with the same respect he would pay to the private residence of a friend. An Englishman considers it a part of the British Constitution not to take off his hat except when he hears the notes of God Save the Queen. The letters and newspapers of the General Post Office are distributed, not in boxes, according to alphabetical order, but in heaps, according to the place whence they have come, and he who comes first has the privilege of selecting his own and friend's letters out of the pile. Merchants and long residents have their correspondence sent to them. Mr. Gordon, of Boston, some years since, offered to put their post office on the same footing of efficiency as that of the United States; his offer was not accepted. The sound used to call attention, by all classes, high and low, in Brazil, is the same used by us to scare chickens. Inns or boarding-houses are very rare, and strangers must rely on the hospitalities of those to whom they are introduced, or rent a room and resort to the restaurants. All festivals in Brazil begin and end with fireworks. Their pyrotechny is superior to that of any other nation, except China.

The Government of the Empire, as we have said, is monarchical, hereditary, constitutional, and representative. The Reformed religion was first proclaimed on the Western Continent in the Territory of Brazil, but the religion of the State is now Roman Catholic. All other denominations, however, are tolerated, and we may reasonably consider the tolerant and fit Constitution of the Empire, and its good government, the general prosperity and the advancement of the Brazilians, in every way, far beyond all other South American nations, as more than an answer to the prayers with which the pious Huguenots under the treacherous Villegagnon baptized Brazil more than three centuries ago—seventy years before a Puritan had planted his foot on Plymouth rock, and half a century before the Book of Common Prayer was borne to the banks of James river. Still, here, as elsewhere, one cannot help losing himself in speculation as to what might have been, had a company of stout-hearted Puritans secured the establishment of Coligny's colony, and made Brazil what they and their descendants have made the United States. Judicial proceedings in Brazil are public, and there is the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. The law-making power resides in the General Assembly, whose Senators are elected for life, and Representatives for four years. The Presidents of the Provinces, corresponding in some degree to our State Governors, are appointed by the Emperor. Each Province has a Legislative Assembly, for local laws, taxation, and government. The Senators and Representatives of the General Assembly are chosen through the intervention of electors, as is the President of the United States, and the Provincial Legislators are selected by universal suffrage. The press is free, and there is no proscription on account of color. The Constitution is a most liberal document, and has to a great extent secured equality, justice, and national prosperity. Nobility in Brazil is not hereditary, but rests on merit.

Brazil possesses cities lighted by gas every night, whether the moon shines or not, and otherwise well regulated; long lines of steamships, and the beginning of railways that are spreading from the sea-coast into the fertile interior. The defeat of the Brazilians in the Banda Oriental, though a seeming disgrace, was really a great blessing to the Empire; for it checked the thirst for military distinction which was springing up, and turned to civil pursuits the energies which might have been wasted in territorial aggrandizement or struggles for military glory.

The Roman Catholic religion is the State religion, but all other denominations have a right to worship God as they choose, whether publicly or privately, provided only that it be in a building "without steeples or bells." The priests of Brazil are notoriously the most corrupt and immoral class of men in Brazil. They engage in no offices of charity, cure of souls, or care of sick; but, if the priest be of an ambitious turn of mind, he becomes a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies, perhaps secures a seat in the Senate, and there he will pour out more eloquence in *ore rotundo* Lusitanian than he has ever delivered from the pulpit.

The church advertises its festae in the daily newspapers, and tradesmen also are not slow in displaying ecclesiastical wares. Here is a specimen:

"*Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit.*—In the *Rua dos Ourives*, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, at eighty cents each; smaller sizes, without glories, at forty cents; silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, at six dollars and a half per hundred; ditto, without glories, three dollars and a half; Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, seventy-five cents per hundred."

In brief, Brazil, in the *point de vue religieuse*, is one great mass of ignorance and superstition.

Among the hospitals of the capital—which are numerous, and extended in their benevolent offices—are a number belonging to different brotherhoods. These fraternities are not unlike the beneficial societies of England and the United States, though on a more extended scale. The foundling hospital is largely patronized, and the infant blacks, if they survive, are free. Within the city of Rio and suburbs, there are about fifty churches and chapels, generally among the finest edifices of the country. Nothing like regular preaching is known in any part of the country.

Lotteries are encouraged by the State, and, as a consequence, private gambling is not uncommon. Beggars in the country ride on horseback, and receive none the less charity than if they trudged from door to door.

Slavery in Brazil is a subject of great interest and hopefulness. Color is not recognised as a basis of civil rights, and hence the black, once free, may rise to a position from which in the United States he is debarred. Everything is in favor of freedom in Brazil, and such are the facilities for the slave to emancipate himself, and when emancipated to rise to higher positions than the mere free black, that Mr. Fletcher does not hesitate to say that Slavery will be extinguished, or in its decadence, before another half century has passed. The largest printing office in Rio is owned and managed by a mulatto. In the colleges and schools there is no distinction of color, and in society only the slightest possible prejudice exists.

The Brazilians make much of home and the family. Family fetes and birthdays are celebrated with enthusiasm. In the city residences the stables are upon the first floor, the parlor, alcoves, and kitchen, on the second. In the parlors you may always expect to find a cane-bottomed sofa at one end, and three or four chairs arranged in precise parallel rows to the middle of the room. City residences are gloomy, but suburban residences are beautiful in the extreme. Pianos abound, and both sexes become adept performers. Thalberg triumphed at Rio de Janeiro before coming to the United States. The manners of the Brazilian ladies are good and their carriage graceful. The mother almost invariably gives her child to a black to be nursed. The young girl's education is finished at thirteen or fourteen. The matrons generally wax wondrous *broad* in a few years, owing probably to their want of out-door exercise, for the use of stimulants is rare and vulgar. The lower order of females (pedlars, blacks, &c.) carry their infants somewhat after the manner of Indian squaws, only with the infant a trifle lower down, and tied in a way to make it handy-legged for life. Cows are the milk-carts, but adulteration is not therefore unknown, though it may be prevented, which is more than we can say. Every lady makes her own dresses, or at least cuts them out. The order of meals is not essentially different from that prevailing here.

Education in Brazil is rapidly improving. Even now, the various schools and academies furnish the means for a more than respectable culture, and public interest is taken in the means of educational improvement.

Mr. Fletcher draws attention to the commerce of Brazil, and justly blames the slowness and want of foresight in our Government, which are enabling the British, French, and almost every important continental nation, so far to surpass us in trade with this growing nation, when we have all the advantages of geographical contiguity. Will it be believed that our letters to Brazil go to Liverpool, thence to Southampton and the Continent, and thence to Brazil, a distance of nine thousand miles, when they might go and pass over only 3,960! The intemperance of Lieut. Maury's letters has made it impossible to negotiate a treaty with Brazil. We receive her staples duty free, while all we export to Brazil is heavily taxed. Literature and the sciences are patronized in Brazil far more than one would expect. The Emperor is himself a well-read man, and skilled in the natural sciences. The country will not lag far behind its rulers.

Of the bipeds and quadrupeds, the birds and the beasts, which Mr. Fletcher saw in his excursion over Brazil, and so entertainingly describes we have no room to say more. The natural fruits, trees, and agricultural products of the country, the appearance of the abundant vegetation, the nature of the very salubrious climate, the topography of Brazil, we must neglect for the same reason. The descriptions of the provinces and of their principal towns constitute the greater and perhaps the most interesting part of the book. We have confined ourselves mostly to his descriptions of the capital and its inhabitants, as being quite as indicative of the character, attainments, and especially the prospects of the whole people.

The authors have compared the Empire not with England and the United States, but with other countries of the New World, which have been peopled by the Latin race. This is plainly the only just basis of comparison, and the remembrance of it is the key to the book. But in a comparison of Brazil, even with our own more, highly favored country, we should be without cause for great severity of judgment, if we remember that Brazil has only enjoyed the short space of thirty-five years for the great object of establishing her character as an independent nation. National renovation is not the work of a day; but when we consider how speedily Brazil has broken off the bonds that have confined her for centuries; how she has advanced from degrading colonial servitude to a high position among nations; how earnest is her desire for improvement; how flourishing are her finances; how rapidly the means of education are advancing; how creditable is her youthful literature; how free and tolerant her Government—there is no ground for despair, and we may yet hope to see her, under the enlightened rule of Don Pedro II, taking that place among the nations, of which her abundant resources, her situation, and her past, alike prophesy.

SLAVERY IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Through the Lemmon case, just argued in our First Judicial District, the "National Democracy" has delivered its Laws and its Politics respecting Slavery in the State of New York. In the lengthy argument of Charles O'Conor, pleading for Virginia and for the right of property in man, the following points were deliberately taken, and boldly maintained. The free men of New York can see the condition to which "Democracy" is determined to bring the Empire State:

"The ancient general or common law of this State authorized the holding of negroes as slaves therein. The Judiciary never had any constitutional power to annul, repeal, or set aside, this law.

"The Judiciary never had power to annul, repeal, or set aside, the slave law of this State, which we have shown existed with the sanction of the Legislature prior to the Revolution.

"The Judicial department has no right to declare Negro Slavery to be contrary to the law of nature, or immoral, or unjust, or to take any measure, or to introduce any policy, for the suppression of it, founded on any such ideas.

"It cannot be pretended that there ever was in England, or that there now is in any State of the Union, a law, by any name, thus outlawing Slavery. The common law of all these countries has always regarded it as the basis of individual rights.

"In fact there is no violation of the principles of enlightened justice, nor any departure from the dictates of pure benevolence, in holding negroes in a state of Slavery.

"Negroes, alone and unaided by the guardianship of another race, cannot sustain a civilized social state.

"Who shall deny the claim of the intellectual white race to its compensation for the mental toil of governing and guiding the negro laborer?

"It follows, that in order to obtain the measure of reasonable personal enjoyment, and of usefulness to himself and others, for which he is adapted by nature, the negro must remain in a state of pupilage, under the government of some other race.

"Every American citizen is bound by the Constitution of the United States to regard Slavery as being free from any moral taint which could affect its claim to legal recognition and protection, so long as any State in the Union shall uphold it.

"THE STATE OF NEW YORK CANNOT RESTRAIN A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES FROM PASSING THROUGH HER TERRITORY WITH HIS SLAVES.

"The general doctrines of the Court in Dred Scott's case must be maintained, their alleged novelty notwithstanding."—*Albany Journal.*

THE SCARCITY OF SPECIE.—In the United States, we produce a yearly supply of gold to the value of sixty millions of dollars. It is computed that the amount of the precious metals in the country is equivalent to two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. Yet, strange to say, we are in want of coin for the ordinary operations of trade; and all the banks have suspended the payment of their debts, on the pretence of an inadequate supply of specie.

Apparently this is a very singular state of affairs, but in point of fact the mystery is susceptible of an easy explanation. In virtue of an incontestable principle of political economy, a sound currency is always driven out of circulation by a depreciated currency. The multiplication of banks, and the infinite use of their circulation during the last few years, in a great measure superseded the necessity of any other currency; and of course the precious metals were exported to points where they were in greater demand. Hence the comparative scarcity of specie in the United States. In illustration of this theory, we may mention the fact that, when, in the commencement of the present financial troubles, a demand for specie exhibited itself in New York, instantly the current turned, and gold and silver began to pour into the country from Europe.

And this would have continued to be the case, but for the action of the banks. As they created the scarcity of coin in the first instance by the undue expansion of their currency, so again they arrested the importation of the precious metals by the suspension of specie payment, which still farther depreciated their notes, and discouraged the demand for gold and silver. The tide has turned again, and the precious metals are now being exported to Europe. The last steamer—the Fulton—carried away $51,000. It is evident that, under the present system of suspension, matters will only grow worse.—*Richmond South.*

A REMARKABLE STORY.—We take the following from the Walkulla (Fla.) *Times* of the 14th inst., and give it to our readers for what it is worth:

"A friend informs us of the following occurrence, which is reported to have taken place recently at Attapulgus, Georgia. A gentleman who had received a considerable sum of money was compelled to go from home, leaving his wife alone in the house, situated some distance from any other dwelling. Towards evening, two negroes entered the house and demanded of the lady the money, or they would take her life. Being a woman of great coolness, she saw at once that it would be useless to attempt to evade the demand; so she produced the money, and gave it to them. The negroes then remarked that, as supper was nearly ready, they would stay and eat with her. She told them to be seated, until she got it ready. The woman had a vial of strychnine in her cupboard, and, in sweetening their coffee, managed to put a dose of the poison in their cups. They drank, and in a few moments were dead. The neighbors were called in, and the negroes discovered to be white men in disguise—near neighbors and friends of her husband, who had known of his receiving the money and his absence."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—There is a wonderful amount of truth in the following, and parents should ponder when giving advice to their sons as to their occupation in life. Success would attend them in the one path, and failure in the other:

"We often see men who seem to have the Fates against them. Their business and undertakings mildew, and they struggle, struggle, struggle, going through life like a drowning man, clutching in his extremities after something, that he may renew his hold on life. Others are marked by brooding care; their countenances are plowed deeply by the furrows of anxiety, and premature old age creeps upon them, stealing away their vigor of mind and elasticity of limb. Much of our success and happiness depends upon our business or pursuits being adapted to our taste and our mental conformation.

"Take a delicate organization and a mind attuned to the influences of the beautiful, whose ideals are perfect harmony, sketched with the artistic skill which knows no defect or blemish, set it to work amid the drudgery and dirt of a grocery store, and the man will be turned off in less than a month's time as a good for nothing fellow. So those of coarse and rough materials—place them out of their appropriate sphere, and they will fail. The truth that each individual has an adaptedness to fill well only the station for which his talents or mental characteristics fit him, is illustrated almost every day. Those who do not understand the philosophy of mind, and who believe that every individual stands on the same dead-level platform, often wonder why John or James, Susan or Eliza, do not get along better in the world. They overlook the diversity of gifts, the different mental state of parties, and proceed to write them down as "good for nothing, worthless, shiftless creatures," and coming to an end, "the Lord only knows what." How often do we hear this remark, and how often do we see its sad and chilling effect."

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